THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR

Vol. 13 *Winter* · 1943-44 *No.* 1

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In the Workshop

Literature in American Education — *M. H. N.*

Our Readers Comment *Our Authors*

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THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR

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THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR

Emerson said, "The office of the scholar is to cheer, to raise, and to guide men by showing them facts amidst appearances. He plies the slow, unhonored, and unpaid task of observation. . . . Whatsoever oracles the human heart, in all emergencies, in all solemn hours, has uttered as its commentary on the world of actions,— these he shall receive and impart. And whatsoever new verdict Reason from her inviolable seat pronounces on the passing men and events of today,— this he shall hear and promulgate."

The name of this quarterly is the title of Ralph Waldo Emerson's Phi Beta Kappa address delivered at Harvard in 1837, called by James Russell Lowell "an event without any former parallel in our literary annals," and by Oliver Wendell Holmes "our intellectual Declaration of Independence."

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Editorial

Irwin Edman

ANY sensitively edited issue of THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR ought to reflect current winds of doctrine, not necessarily the first word on some unprecedented intellectual novelty, nor certainly the last word on any fundamental issue. But, ideally speaking, the man from Mars visiting this world for the first time ought from our pages to glean what is going on here in the way of basic tendencies and basic issues among educated men. And in any issue the careful reader should, I think, be able to detect a note of common concern, however varied the accents. That concern may be defined as the prospect of the human spirit and the humanistic temper.

That preoccupation is present in this number of this journal, and in a peculiarly revealing way. Two articles, Mr. Adelmann's on "The Fence" — the fence, gratuitous and dangerous, between the arts and the sciences — and Bertrand Russell's "The Future of Pacifism," illustrate an important and interesting discovery being made by educated men in our generation. This discovery is that we have been mouthing too much the pieties about the humanistic tradition and have not paused to re-examine its origins and its conditions in the modern world. Thus it is salutary to read, from the pen of a physiologist, as clear a statement as Mr. Adelmann gives of the importance of breaking down the "spite-fence" between the "sciences" and the "humanities," which are supplementary and not even radically different aspects of man's pathetic attempt to understand himself, his fellow man, and the world he lives in. For too long the "humanists" have tried to imagine a genteel moral superiority in humane letters, forgetting what a paper like Mr. Adelmann's makes clear: that science, con-

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ceived in human context, is a humane art, and that science and literature are often one. The divorce between the liberal arts and the sciences has rendered the former sterile and precious, the latter the instrument of whatever illiberal powers — *vide* Nazi Germany — are afoot in the world.

It is interesting and impressive — for *no one* could call Bertrand Russell a militarist — to have the case against "private" pacifism so lucidly argued. Mr. Russell sees now how empty is a merely obdurately unsullied conscience in contemporary international affairs. One hardly need do more than quote his statement: "The important thing is to put an end to great wars and we can help most to this end not by individual aloofness but by helping to create a body of international law implemented by international irresistible power."

Mr. Russell's paper is an illustration of the difference between mere private rhetoric, the literary introspection of ideals, and the sense of the importance of ideals implemented and ends made realizable. Much liberal discussion in our day is nostalgia for ideals in an empyrean or in a past. If civilized values are to endure, they must have the techniques of science and society to support and further them.

The written word alone will not suffice to mobilize opinion. Mr. Marston, in "Why 100,000,000 Americans Read Comics," shows how feeble print is compared with visual images, and how strong wish-fulfillments are as over against reason. The comic-strip artist ought to teach the writer to be humble. Words can do much, but not for many. The day of ideographs is not over.

In "The Alumni" Mr. Spencer is a poet humble enough in spirit. For his poem celebrates, with painful exactitude, the sense of the good unrealized of men who have had every opportunity for education and life, men

> "Seeking a different unity than stone,
> The possible unity that is not stone,
> The union possible to man alone."

The spirit is not dying while these themes are alive.

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The Future of Pacifism

Bertrand Russell

THE word "pacifism" is one which is used in various different senses, and before discussing substantial issues it will be well to clear certain verbal ambiguities out of the way.

"Absolute pacifism" is the doctrine that, in all circumstances, it is wrong to take human life — or even animal life, according to some. There may also be an objection to all use of force, even when it stops short of taking life. This doctrine was held by Tolstoy and is held by Gandhi; it used to be part of the creed of the Quakers, and is still held by various sects. Among Christians, it is based on the Commandment "Thou shalt not kill." The Commandment does not say you must only kill bad people, or only kill by due process of law, or only kill in defense of your country; it says, simply and unequivocally, "Thou shalt not kill." Those who regard the Bible as the Word of God are, therefore, inconsistent when they allow certain kinds of killing. The Sermon on the Mount, by inculcating nonresistance, reinforces the absolute pacifist position for those whose moral system is based on the Bible.

The doctrine of non-violence, which has been practised on a large scale in India, can be defended on other than religious grounds. In certain circumstances, it is the best practical policy. These circumstances arise when one party is unarmed but resolute, while the opposing party is armed but irresolute. Killing people who do not resist is a disgusting business, and decent men will yield much, rather than persist in it. But when the enemy is resolute and brutal the method has no success. The Church persecuted heretics and Jews relentlessly, even when they made no attempt at armed resistance. The Japanese, if they conquered India, would make short work of any movement of non-cooperation on the part of Gandhi's followers. Absolute pacifism, there-

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fore, as a method of gaining your ends, is subject to very severe limitations.

There is, however, another ground on which it can be defended, and that is, that the evils of war outweigh the evils of defeat. I held this view myself as regards most wars, but I have never held it as regards all. I held at the time, and I still hold, that the evils resulting from the war of 1914–18 were greater than would have been the evils of making such concessions to the Kaiser as would have averted the war. But I held throughout the last war, and I still hold, that some wars are worth fighting. I instanced, at that time, the American War of Independence; I should now add the present war.

"Relative pacifism" is the doctrine that *very few* wars are worth fighting, and that the evils of war are *almost* always greater than they seem to excited populations at the moment when war breaks out. The doctrine may go further, and urge that a civilized and humane way of life can hardly survive where wars are frequent and serious. On this ground, the relative pacifist will urge, it is of immeasurable importance to create machinery that will diminish the likelihood of great wars.

There is another important distinction, namely, that between individual and political pacifism. The individual pacifist says: No matter what my government may command, I myself will not fight. The political pacifist, on the contrary, is concerned to keep his government out of war. Some religious sects, while they are individually pacifist, cannot be called political pacifists, because they consider it wrong to take any part in politics. Conversely, many men who try hard, beforehand, to prevent their country from going to war, nevertheless consider it their duty to take part when once war exists.

In considering the future of pacifism, we must distinguish according to the kind of pacifism concerned. I think myself that the most useful kind of pacifism, and also the one most likely to become influential, is relative political pacifism. According to this view, there are causes, but only a very few, for which it is worth while to fight; but whatever the cause, and however justifiable the war, war brings about such great evils that it is of

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immense importance to find ways short of war in which the things worth fighting for can be secured. I think it is worth while to fight to prevent England or America being conquered by the Nazis, but it would be far better if this end could be secured without war.

For this, two things are necessary. First, the creation of an international government, possessing a monopoly of armed force, and guaranteeing freedom from aggression to every country; second, that wars (other than civil wars) are justified when, and only when, they are fought in defense of the international law established by the international authority. (The question of civil wars presents special problems, to which I shall come shortly.) If once the international government were established, this would give a clear criterion as to which wars should be supported.

In the meantime, while no international government exists, we are driven to seek some other criterion. We cannot say, simply, that we will support whichever side seems most likely, if victorious, to establish an international government; Hitler, if victorious, would become Emperor of the World, but his government, however universal, would not please us. The international government must be founded on justice, on respect for national liberty within the limits that the existence of an international authority leaves possible, and on an endeavor to avoid the resentments that are generated by injustice and that are likely to promote rebellion against the international authority. Not any and every world government, but only one keeping these ends in view, should be the goal of our endeavors. If such a goal is likely to be attained by the victory of the United Nations, that gives a decisive reason for supporting them. But even if no international government is created at the end of the war, I should still consider that the war is justified on the ground that its motive is resistance to tyranny and aggression, and the outcome of our victory, even at the worst, is likely to be far less bad than the outcome of a victory of the Nazis and the Japanese militarists.

The political pacifist will say: it is important to prevent wars, but they cannot be prevented by announcing a mere unwillingness

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to go to war. This was the mistake of appeasers and isolationists in Great Britain and America. The result was a continual increase of provocations to war, until at last the provocations became unendurable and war broke out. If war is to be prevented, there must be a clearly expressed willingness to go to war for certain ends, but not for any others. These ends should be resistance to aggression anywhere and against anyone, and as soon as possible this purpose should receive its appropriate organization in an international government. Wars will cease when, and only when, it becomes evident beyond reasonable doubt that in any war the aggressor will be defeated.

The question of civil war (which includes revolution) remains to be considered. The attitude of the United States on this subject is curious. The government is founded on the right of revolution; even the D. A. R. as their name implies, hold that there once was a justifiable revolution. But this is a doctrine only applicable to the past. For the present, no alien is admitted to naturalization unless he is willing to swear that he is opposed to the overthrow of every government, even Hitler's, by force or violence; at the same time, he must swear that he will use force or violence for the overthrowing of a government whenever called upon to do so by the United States government. Thus all immigrants are compelled by law to commit perjury.

The right to revolution in certain circumstances has been, and still is, an important right. We should all be glad to see a revolution against the Nazis in Germany, or against Vichy in France. Very few people would maintain that France ought still to be under the Bourbons, or Russia under the Romanovs, yet neither could have been got rid of except by revolution. At the same time, there are bad revolutions as well as good ones; Mussolini, Hitler, and Franco afford the visible proof. An international government would not be very satisfactory if it allowed Fascist revolutions in the various countries over which it had nominal authority. I think we may say that a justifiable revolution is one which has the support of the majority, while an unjustifiable one is one which aims at establishing the tyranny of a minority. In that case, the need of permitting revolutions can be obviated by

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the creation of machinery making a change in the form of government possible whenever demanded by a majority in a plebiscite conducted by the international authority. Such a plebiscite should be held whenever requested; otherwise there would be a considerable likelihood of revolution. Given such a provision, the international authority would have both a right and a duty to forbid revolutions.

There remains, however, a difficult problem, with which any international government will have to deal; I mean, the problem of minorities. This has two forms, according as the minority in question is, or is not, geographically concentrated. When it is, the problem is comparatively simple; it can be met by allowing local autonomy, or virtual independence if necessary, to the minority group. Before 1922, the Irish were a minority group in the United Kingdom; they had the same right to vote and send members to Parliament as other citizens had, but as their elected representatives were almost always in a minority, the right was more or less illusory. This problem was met by creating the State of Eire. The same problem, essentially, will arise in India as soon as India is free. The Moslems are a minority, and most of them object to being governed by Hindus. It is clear that they have the same claim to independence of the Hindus as the Hindus have to independence of the British. The international authority will have to take account of such racial or religious minorities, and allow a greater or less degree of local autonomy to any geographical group that is known to desire it. But such local autonomy should be within a federation, to which certain rights should be reserved.

The question of minorities that are not geographically concentrated is more difficult. The most prominent example, of course, is that of the Jews. I think the international authority ought to forbid any legal discrimination against any minority group, with the exception of political groups aiming at treason against their national government or against the world federation. Laws directed against Jews as such, or Negroes as such, ought in advance to be declared contrary to the Constitution of the world federation. No doubt such provisions could, to some degree, be evaded. There might be an educational qualification for the vote,

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and it might be found in practice that even the most highly educated Negroes failed to pass the test. But in such cases, if they were sufficiently flagrant, an appeal should lie to the international legal tribunals.

The political pacifist is a man who desires to create such institutions as shall do most to make wars unlikely. The conclusion to which we have been led is that he will favor an international authority which shall perform the following functions: First, it shall have a monopoly of the more important engines of war — airplanes, battleships, tanks, big guns, and so on. Second, it shall undertake to go to war against any State which the World Court shall declare to be an aggressor. Thirdly, it shall intervene in the internal disputes of a State when it is invited to do so by a sufficient minority, when in its opinion there is likelihood of civil war, and when a minority has forcibly and illegally secured power; but such intervention shall be in accordance with principles previously laid down in a body of international law, and having for their object the promotion or preservation of democracy and minority rights. The creation of such an international government is more nearly within the field of practical politics than many people suppose. It is the only way of making great wars improbable, and the world is likely to realize this after the next world war even if it fails to realize it now.

I come now to the question of individual pacifism. This question is twofold: First, what should the individual pacifist do? Second, what should his government do about him?

There are those who hold that a man should obey the law even if his conscience tells him that what the law enjoins is wicked — at any rate, some would add, where the government is democratic. I cannot take this view. Willingness to brave punishment for conscience' sake is a valuable quality, and I should be sorry if it were to disappear in favor of slavish obedience to the herd. I was already above military age during the last war, but I made it clear that, if I had been of military age, I should have been a conscientious objector. In this war, I do not agree with the opinions of those who are conscientious objectors, but I still

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think them a valuable element in the community. I might feel differently if they were sufficiently numerous to diminish seriously the chances of victory, but they are not. Uniformity of opinion is an evil, and it may well be desirable that a few should hold a certain opinion, even if it would be disastrous if many held it. On these grounds, I respect a man who, after due consideration, is seriously convinced that he ought to take no part in a war, no matter what may be the penalties involved.

The question as to what should be the government's attitude towards pacifists, is more difficult. The man who goes to fight incurs a grave risk of death or disablement and a certainty of very considerable hardships. If conscientious objectors were simply let alone, many mere shirkers would suddenly develop a conscience. It is difficult to devise tests of genuineness, except where a man has long been a member of an organized body of pacifists such as the Quakers. The government has, I think, a right to demand some kind of service, and most conscientious objectors are willing to undertake such work as fighting fires caused by raids, which in England during the worst period was at least as dangerous as military service. In the case of those who feel that they cannot perform any service for a government at war, there may be difficulty in finding any alternative to punishment, but the punishment ought not to be so severe as to impair their future usefulness.

Individual pacifism in the modern world is, to my mind, very much less important than political pacifism. With modern methods of official propaganda, it is not likely to be widespread, and it will therefore do nothing, or almost nothing, to prevent war. The horror of war which makes men individual pacifists can, in my opinion, be made more fruitful if it takes the form of thinking out and supporting ways of preventing war without encouraging injustice and oppression, than if it is satisfied with the somewhat barren personal holiness of an unspotted conscience in a world full of preventable evil. The important thing is to put an end to great wars, and we can help most to this end, not by individual aloofness, but by helping to create a body of international law implemented by international irresistible power.

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The Fence

Howard B. Adelmann

IT IS with some trepidation that I, a worker in the sciences, venture to address you, my friends and colleagues on the humanistic side of the academic fence. Ordinarily, by an unwritten, but unfortunately, too widely observed agreement, you "humanists" cultivate only the fields on your own side; we "scientists" labor only on the other. Standing on my side of the fence, I have often hung upon it in friendly converse with you, and I have enjoyed the experience so long as I felt myself protected by that intangible barrier. But now that you have lifted me bodily over it, so to speak, by inviting me to come among you, my emotions are confused — on the one hand I feel the pleasure and the satisfaction of more intimate association with you, and on the other, I am fearful of exposing my inadequacies.

Unlike that distinguished but lovable gentleman, Hieronymus Fabricius of Aquapendente, who was three centuries ago Professor of Anatomy and Surgery in the University of Padua, and in whose company I have spent, most pleasantly, much of my time these past few years; unlike him, I say, I do not dare to promise you, as he once promised an audience, a discourse *absolutissima, fructuosissima, luculentissima.* His listeners went away muttering *imperfectissima, obscurissima,* and so indeed may you, despite the fact that I make no promises. At any rate, you will probably say with perfect justice, as his students did of some lectures they forced Fabricius to give: *ut coacta, ita admodum exigua;* which means, as you all know, "being compulsory, it was therefore pretty thin."

I was very glad to learn a few years ago that the Cornell Chapter of Phi Beta Kappa had decided to admit superior students whose interests lie predominantly in the laboratory sciences. Who knows? Perhaps the fence is being torn down. It did not always stand; its construction was begun long ago when a few scholars com-

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menced to work intensively in the natural sciences, and, after both sides had worked at it diligently for some two centuries, it had reached by the nineteenth very nearly the proportions of a spite-fence. It should never have been erected; it was illegal to begin with, and unsightly and unneighborly at best.

The restricted application of the term "scientist" to workers in the natural sciences and mathematics, as is the common practice these days, is inaccurate and unsound, historically and linguistically. By what right have some scholars been dubbed scientists, a name which implies that they alone have the key to knowledge? By what right have other scholars been called humanists, a name which implies that they alone are the custodians of the forces that make a man more humane, more civilized, more exalted? There is, in truth, no essential difference in their aims: both strive to reach an understanding of man and the world he lives in; neither is the exclusive custodian of civilization, culture (or whatever you choose to call it), or of knowledge and the means to obtain it. Both may, indeed, sometimes use the same methods. "It is simply the fact," I quote Professor Lane Cooper, "that reduced to the simplest terms, there is but a single method of investigating the objects of natural science and the productions of human genius. We study a poem, the work of man's art, in the same way that Agassiz made Shaler study a fish, the work of God's art; the object in either case is to discover the relation between form or structure and function or essential effect."

And neither the so-called sciences nor the so-called humanities are by themselves adequate for man in his pathetic attempt to understand himself, his fellow man, or the world he lives in. The knowledge that I am made of organs, tissues, and cells; that these in turn are composed of carbon, hydrogen, oxygen, nitrogen, and a miscellaneous assortment of other elements, themselves owing their properties to the configuration of their atoms, electrons, protons, and neutrons is illuminating, even inspiring in its way. But it is not enough. Will Einstein's treatise on relativity increase my wonder at the magnitude of the universe? If I am moved by the grace and beauty of the flight of a bird will my exaltation be

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sustained by a handbook of the birds of Central New York, or, on the other hand, by some poet's insight? Will a so-called "scientific" treatise on art explain the emotions aroused by beauty in whatever form?

My fellow man — will so-called science explain him completely? Must I not also, at the very least, have some knowledge of his language, his literature, and his history?

And the universe — can science explain it all? I ask *you*. At the present time the hope that both camps working together will some day explain the universe even partially seems almost presumptuous.

The truth is that a diet of straight science is unsatisfying. Karl Ernst von Baer, whom we honor as the founder of modern embryology, and who, like most great men, was modest, tells of his experience after he had labored for the better part of a year, shut up in his laboratory, at his studies on the development of animals. He had started work when snow lay upon the ground, and when he finally emerged from his self-imposed imprisonment he found the grain in sheaves. "This sight moved me so deeply," he says, "that I threw myself upon the ground and reproached myself for my foolish behavior. The natural laws of development will ultimately be discovered . . . whether by me or by others, whether this year or at some future time is relatively unimportant, and it is utter folly to sacrifice to this end one's own joy in Being which no one can replace."

We scientists, I think, are peculiarly apt to lose our sense of proportion. We describe a bug that no one has yet seen; we make an experiment never performed before; and our discoveries are so exhilarating that we are apt to magnify our own importance, and like Aesop's fly resting on the axle-tree of a chariot wheel, marvel at the cloud of dust we raise. We need the corrective of history and literature, which gently teach us our proper place. The scientific journals of yesterday are gorged with the papers of scientists who were no doubt "big" men, "productive" men in their day. One imagines that they were deluged with "offers," and that they basked in the prestige that loquacity in print often brings. But they are unknown to fame; the once mighty have

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fallen. It is no discredit to them; they have contributed their mites.

On the other hand, it is encouraging to know that the humble sometimes rise. Think of Gregor Mendel, regarded, perhaps, in his day as a harmless putterer in the monastery gardens at Brno, and now paid tribute as the founder of modern genetics.

Now whether or not the humanities undefiled are an adequate diet for the mind, you will know better than I. I shall merely ask, and having said *peccavimus* for the scientists, leave you, if it is in your heart, to do so for the humanists.

As I have said, the imaginary fence between the scientists on the one hand and the humanists on the other did not always stand. In what I like to think of as better days, philosophy, art, and science were not differentiated. The emphasis then was upon knowledge, and all departments of knowledge were called upon to contribute their fair share to a unified system aimed at the comprehension of all phenomena.

The works of Aristotle, for example, contain something of value for workers in almost every field of knowledge. For some of you he is one of the greatest authorities in the art of poetry, others of you have, no doubt, found much of permanent value in his works on rhetoric, ethics, politics, logic, or metaphysics. As a biologist Aristotle has had his detractors, but for me, as for others, he is the greatest biologist that ever lived.

D'Arcy Thompson, a classical scholar as well as a scientist, says that Aristotle seems to have been "first and foremost a biologist, by inclination and by training," and Jaeger, a classical scholar, indicates that Aristotle's true genius lay in the field of biological science. It is, at any rate, surprising to find how large a part of his writings deals with biological problems, a fact sometimes overlooked by those who are interested in other aspects of his work.

Some scholars believe that the zoölogical works were composed during the period of Aristotle's second stay in Athens, say a dozen years preceding his death. Others, however, believe that the philosopher's biological studies were begun at Lesbos about ten years before he began his teaching in the Athens Lyceum. And

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the evidence does seem to show that his most important observations were made on the Asiatic coast and in the vicinity of Mitylene on Lesbos.

There are three aspects of Aristotle's biological works upon which I should like to touch briefly — first, the range of his zoölogical knowledge; second, his profound grasp of the essential problems; and third, his method of investigation.

Aristotle was acquainted with a truly astonishing number of animal forms. Some of them, particularly marine animals, he knew rather intimately, others only superficially. Some he appears to have dissected, others he peered into as we do in preparing a fish or a fowl for the table. When I say dissected, I do not mean that he dissected systematically or thoroughly — he would, no doubt, have done a better job with a modern manual for dissection at hand. He came to the study of animals untutored; many structures he overlooked, and many he misinterpreted because his mind and eye were not prepared to grasp the significance of everything he saw; but on the whole his knowledge is of such a character that it is difficult to believe that all of it was derived from talking with fishermen, hunters, or butchers, or that he was merely a passive observer of work performed by students.

D'Arcy Thompson marvels at Aristotle's rather intimate knowledge of marine molluscs, and, as many others have done, calls attention to one remarkable observation which was not substantiated until the nineteenth century, after several observers had completely misinterpreted the true state of affairs. In both the *Historia animalium* and the *De generatione animalium* Aristotle describes the peculiar transformation of one of the arms of the male octopus into a sperm-bearing organ which is detached after it is placed in the mantle cavity of the female. This detached arm was rediscovered in 1828, called a parasite, and given the scientific name *Trichocephalus acetabularis*. Later, Cuvier described it as *Hectocotylus octopodis*. Kölliker, the distinguished Würzburg anatomist, regarded it as a parasitic male similar to the diminutive males found in certain other animals, and it was not until 1851 that the French naturalist Vérany fortunately discovered that the supposed parasitic male is really one of the

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arms of the male octopus. Finally, in 1894, Racovitza's observations on the mating of the octopus completed the confirmation of Aristotle's description.

Aristotle's knowledge of fishes is another aspect of his work that has aroused the admiration of commentators. For example, his description of the various types of cartilaginous fishes, that is to say, the sharks and rays, was a real achievement. He knew that some sharks lay eggs and that in some the eggs are retained in the oviduct of the female until the young fish are ready to fend for themselves. Until it is able to capture food an embryo shark lives upon the yolk stored in the egg; this yolk is contained in a sac, the yolk sac, which is attached to the intestines of the embryo by a long stalk, called the yolk stalk. Aristotle knew this, and he knew, further, something that zoölogists did not generally know until 1840. He tells us that in the smooth shark the young develop with the yolk sac attached to the wall of the oviduct, "so that as the egg-substance gets used up, the embryo is sustained to all appearances just as in the case of quadrupeds." In other words, Aristotle recognized the placental character of this union of the yolk sac with the oviduct or uterus. At the point of contact the embryonic and maternal tissues are highly vascular and interfolded so that an interchange of substances between mother and fetus becomes possible. Such an arrangement is now called a yolk-sac placenta, to differentiate it from the type of placenta found in mammals. In some mammals, however — the horse, for example — a yolk-sac placenta essentially similar to that of the shark's is found in addition to the usual type.

Aristotle's observation of the yolk-sac placenta of the shark was confirmed by the great Danish scientist Niels Stenson in 1675, whose description was published in a relatively obscure journal, the *Acta medica et philosophica* published at Copenhagen. Buried there, Stenson's contribution was completely overlooked, and it was not until 1840 that Johannes Müller again called attention to Aristotle's original description and confirmed it by his own investigations.

As an embryologist, I am naturally interested in Aristotle's account of the development of the chick. I shall not tire you with

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an analysis, but say merely that it is the work of a really acute observer and a highly creditable achievement.

There is no time to continue this sketch of Aristotle's knowledge of fact, nor can I discuss in detail his attack on the major problems of zoölogy. He did think wisely and soundly about many of the fundamental issues; but obviously it would be stupid to expect solutions of them, or twentieth century analyses, from an author who lived so close to the very beginnings of scientific endeavor. We are still working at the answers to almost all of them.

One of Aristotle's theories, however, shows so clearly what E. S. Russell calls the "sheer intellectual power" of the man that I cannot pass over it. That he was able to formulate, in the necessarily imperfect state of his own knowledge, a theory of development that conforms closely to our modern point of view is, I think, noteworthy. He rejects the idea that the embryo is preformed from the moment of conception and argues brilliantly that the parts of the embryo are only gradually evolved as development progresses. This so-called doctrine of epigenesis is usually associated with the name of William Harvey, the discoverer of the circulation of the blood, but Harvey obviously was indebted directly to Aristotle.

And now a word about Aristotle's method. The biological treatises reveal a complete shift of emphasis in contrast to the others. In his earlier works Aristotle emphasizes the deductive, syllogistic approach to knowledge, but in his biological works he stresses the basic importance of observation, of observation as the starting point in the acquisition of knowledge. This change of emphasis has often been overlooked. The first of his three great zoölogical works, the *Historia animalium*, is essentially descriptive in character, dealing primarily with the material cause; the second, the *De partibus animalium*, elucidates the final cause, the good purposes displayed in the structure of animals; while the third, the *De generatione animalium*, is a treatise on the efficient causes of development, the forces which bring animals into being.

It is interesting to notice how this emphasis on observation and this general plan of treatment influenced later writers. Galen, for example, teaches as an invariable rule that one should dissect

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and describe before attempting to ascertain the action or the useful purpose of an organ. In his works on anatomy and physiology, Fabricius in the sixteenth century invariably stresses the importance of the same order of treatment and cites Aristotle and Galen as his models. Sir William Harvey, the pupil of Fabricius, quotes Aristotle as his authority in urging observation and admonishes us to trust nothing but our own eyes, to accept nothing not "securely bottomed by the faithful testimony of our own senses." "It is unsafe and degenerate," he says in the Preface to his *Anatomical Exercitations* in 1653, "to be tutored by other men's commentaries . . . when the book of Nature is so open, and legible. The ancient philosophers went quite a contrary way to work, and by in defatigable [sic] toile . . . have set up a clear light to direct our studies. So that whatever notable and approved thing we have in philosophy, it all is derived to us by the pains and industry of ancient Greece." And he further tells us that "in chief, of all the ancients, I follow Aristotle."

Now, I am no philosopher. I cannot argue for or against the validity of observation as the basis of scientific procedure. I only know the feeling of most present-day workers. If they were questioned, I am sure that they would, almost to a man, rightly or wrongly, scientifically or unscientifically, urge observation as the indispensable approach. And I know that it is easy to trace this emphasis on observation back through the years to the seventeenth and sixteenth centuries when many men thought, rightly or wrongly, that in urging observation they were following in Aristotle's footsteps. Thence the path follows back to the restoration of Aristotle to Western Europe in the late Middle Ages.

In physics Aristotle's standing is not high; mathematics he virtually ignored. But, even in these connections, I wonder if too much has not been made of the so-called revolt against Aristotle — of the revolt of Galileo, for example, of whom J. H. Randall says, "in method and philosophy if not in physics he remained a typical Paduan Aristotelian." Francis Bacon justly attacked Aristotle's reverence for final causes, and his vision of a science based on experiment is a noble one. But listen to Bacon's statement in the *Sylva Sylvarum:* "Aristotle," he says, "giveth the cause, vainly,

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why the feathers of birds are of more lively colors than the hairs of beasts, — for no beast hath any fine azure, or carnation, or green hair. He saith it is because birds are more in the beames of the sun. . . . But the true cause is that the excrementitious moisture . . . passeth in birds thru a finer and more delicate strainer than it doth in beasts; for feathers pass thru quills, and hair through skin." Hardly an improvement on Aristotle's explanation!

It is, as both Olschki and Randall have noted, probably a mistake to accept at face value "the estimate the pioneer thinkers of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries made of their turning away from the heritage of the past."

I have dwelt on Aristotle as an example of a thinker whose interests embraced all knowledge. But I realize full well that we can never return to the day when a man could have respectable competence in a great number of fields. We cannot revisit yesterday, or ask even the fleeting moment to delay. Knowledge has grown too vast for one man to digest it all, and a minute knowledge of one field, indeed, of even a small corner of one field, is often difficult, sometimes impossible, to master.

Specialization can be, however, and has been, in some instances, carried too far and without tangible profit to the individual or to science. As in the past, catholicity of interest even today has its values.

I like to think of those physicians who in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries did so much to restore the great texts of ancient learning to the enjoyment and profit of man — of Linacre, for example, the physician of two Henrys, VII and VIII. He was one of the first English physicians to study at Padua, the great stronghold of Aristotelianism. It is said that the noble Aldine *Editio princeps* of Aristotle was, in part at least, edited or corrected by him. When he returned to England he taught Greek and practiced medicine at Oxford. More and Erasmus were his students and so were two children of Henry the uxorious. He translated much of Galen into Latin. He was a distinguished grammarian, and Fuller, the historian, says that it "is questionable whether he was a better grammarian or physician." His

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masterpiece, the *De emendata structura Latini sermonis*, has been called "the first-fruits of English erudition." But Milton says, "Though very learned it is thought not fit to be read in schools." What an apt characterization of some contemporary texts!

Coming down the years, and ignoring many I might recall to you, I think of Albrecht von Haller, the great eighteenth-century Swiss from whose facile pen poured the first modern textbook of physiology; distinguished works on anatomy, surgery, embryology, and botany; bibliographies that are models not yet superseded; and finally, poetry that is still admired, for editions still come from the press.

In our own day there was Sir William Osler, Professor of Medicine at McGill, Pennsylvania, and Johns Hopkins, and from 1905–19 Regius Professor at Oxford. He was the author of one of the first literate textbooks of medicine, and the world was amazed that a physician could write the English language with lucidity and grace; amazed when he introduced into his discussion of tuberculosis the parable of the Sower, or quoted Sir Thomas Browne, or showed in any small way that he was familiar with something more than the bare bones of technical literature. And is that amazement not in itself significant? Osler loved the literary classics, was himself learned in them, and in 1918 was honored by election to the presidency of the Classical Association of Great Britain. Throughout his life the *Religio Medici* of Sir Thomas Browne was a constant companion, and the copy he had bought as a boy was placed in his hands when his remains lay in state. In his essays he never ceased urging physicians to consult with the great minds of the past while they themselves pressed forward. His methods of medical teaching were unquestionably responsible for the reform which began to affect our medical schools shortly after 1910. His beneficent influence still persists, and no doubt lies back of the emphasis the officials of our medical schools now rightly place on broad cultural training in preparation for medicine. But, alas, they think that culture, so-called, can be acquired from formal courses in college! And, alas, too, they do not realize that they must themselves set an example. The teacher says, "Look at Osler." And the student, too often, unfortunately, can reply,

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"Yes — look at Osler. But you, dear teacher, are not an Osler, and yet, by specializing narrowly, you have acquired a far larger share of this world's goods than he. Rumor says that you clean up an appalling sum in private practice, and this advice to shun the fleshpots, to cultivate the gardens of the soul, comes ill from you."

And in the so-called pure sciences a teacher who admonishes his students to acquire even so elementary and useful an accomplishment as the ability to read a modern foreign language without too frequent recourse to a dictionary is, as likely as not, met with the retort: "Look at Professor Gamma. He reads French and German with, to put it as kindly as possible, the greatest of difficulty — I know, because I took my language exam for the doctorate from him — yet he is respected as the world's greatest authority on the tenth cranial nerve of Ornithorynchus."

How can one reply without transgressing professional ethics?

Convincing the modern graduate student of (let's say) histology how important an asset some historical knowledge might be, or teaching a little history of biology along with modern developments, takes a deal of persistence, even bravery, under present circumstances. And, yet, I think we scientists must begin to teach in our classrooms respect and sympathy for those disciplines that now are often regarded as foreign to our interests. We must do it by calling upon philosophy, history, and literature where they impinge upon our work. I know of no department of science where such treatment would not stretch the vision and deepen the understanding.

And now, dear humanistic scientists, how about a little natural science in *your* classrooms? How about the history of science? How about some Hippocrates, Aristotle, and Galen in Greek? How about some Latin from the scientists of the sixteenth, seventeenth, or eighteenth centuries; in French, some of Pascal's scientific, in addition to his purely literary, works; or in German, let's say the autobiography of Karl Ernst von Baer? I think I know at least two good objections you may raise — lack of time and the lack of literary merit in some of the works I mention. But

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can you not compromise? It would, I think, be for your good as well as ours.

This war is going to send our young people back to you in larger numbers than of late. They are going to return to you surfeited, sick unto death of technological and scientific detail. They will, many of them, thirst after the good things, the human values, you can offer them. There lies the chance you may seize to the everlasting benefit of us all. In this modern world, however, no man can well get along without an awareness of the great technological and scientific advances of our age. We must work together to destroy the fence that has, to our common disadvantage, kept us apart, or at least provide friendly and inviting portals through it. It is for us both to show the student that the humanistic and natural sciences together form a part of the heritage he ought, in justice to himself and for the good of the world, to enter into.

P. S. Please excuse the terminal preposition.

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The Alumni

Theodore Spencer

I

The footsteps heavily march, tramping on stone,
And down the darkened street march heavily on.

For people like us things have been easy in this country;
Our food has been easy to buy, our cars easy to run,
And if we have worked hard, it's been easy to take a rest,
To go to the comfortable movies, or drive the wife to Colorado.

And we want everyone to be easy, and so we no longer say
"Good-bye" — "God-be-with-you" — to our friends at revolving doors;
Our warmth flowers in a different salutation.
"Take it easy, now," we say. "Take it easy."
We are not like Jonathan Edwards, saying "good-bye."
We have benevolent Emerson and loafing easy old Whitman behind us,
Speaking over our shoulders, saying, "Take it easy, now; take it easy."

This armored tramp of feet is also ours,
This sullen anguish, these exhausted hours.

Perhaps our tightened hearts give out the best wish they can think of,
Saying "Take it easy" to possibly anxious foreheads.
And in leaving God out of it, perhaps we are being confident,
For though we don't say "adieu," our partings are full of hope,
And "I'll be seeing you," we also hopefully say,
Trusting that the interval before our next handshake
Will hear no sudden screech of brakes, or smashing of windshields,
But will see our gardens sprout with miraculous oil-wells,
While flowers fall at our feet in the Union Depot.
And when we meet again we'll be, O the grandest people,
Even if our eyes are furtive, trying to read on our lapel-cards
Each other's names, forgotten since the last reunion.

And still we hear, steadily tramping on
The pulse-beat, foot-beat, walking over stone.

The bland shrewd and babyish eyes our rimless spectacles sharpen
Are increasingly puzzled (though not in the advertisement pages)

Poem given before the Harvard Chapter of Phi Beta Kappa, May 1943.

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By what to do in the world, whom to admire.
We are over-polite to the negro dentist we elect to our Red Cross Committee,
When we oppose the labor leader it's because he is too like ourselves,
And is getting there, as we did.
Increasingly we ask ourselves, cashing a check or using some kind of coupon,
"What is it for? Who am I?" And we look to faded Aprils,
Touching our fraternity pins, or perhaps our Phi Beta Kappa keys,
And remember the beer-parties under the elms and the singing,
And the rides in the hay-wagon early in autumn out to the hill,
Old Jake who chewed tobacco driving the horses,
And the words "I'll be seeing you" are turned backwards
For regret of those times and the mandolins under the moon.
We inform our class secretary when our wives have children,
The class notes in the Alumni Monthly are full of our doings,
And reading of Sam and "Nine-Times Jo" and Saul Kapornis
— The varsity tackle whose shirts were stolen by infatuated laundry girls —
We say, relaxing at night in our armchairs, "Those were the days."

The beat is in our hearts, is in our ears,
The slow beat of uncorrectable years
Is in our minds, our aching minds, and down
The darkened street the steady tread goes on.

We hope, always, that things will be as they have been;
We have grown to love the suburban station in recurrent spring,
And the seasonal change of hats, and the calendars turned by our secretaries.
And we dream that although things change, we do not ourselves change,
That the daily routine we grumble at but could not live without,
Will always go on forever, and we, forever and always,
Will be ordering drinks in the locker-room on Saturday afternoons.

We have had the usual troubles, some of us worse than others;
There is always some one in every class who forges checks,
Or is caught by the police in the corner of a smoky room;
But nearly all our troubles are troubles we all are sorry for;
Albert with infantile, or Jane with one eye blinded,
Or you with the wife whose lovers treat you to cocktails,
And me with the bookshop that failed, or the paintings no one would buy.
Even for those who are hurt this has been a comfortable country,
And hearing us cry, "I'll be seeing you! Take it easy now";
Hearing our easy laughter, a stranger would probably say,
"They live jauntily, like birds."

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The drum grows louder as the streets extend:
Is it the drum of enemy or friend?
Is it inside our hearts or on that street
We feel the tramping irresistible feet?
Is it because our scattered hearts must come
From scattered drums to march to a single drum,
That as we hear those steady feet march on
Marching on stone we know to be our own,
We, as an army, and as men alone,
Wonder how we shall act when marching's done?
How will our hearts beat if the drum is gone
And only an echo hovers over the stone?

II

1.

Harry Smith was a little man
With black hair and a dead-pan
Face. He smiled sharply but easily
He won easily his place as
Secretary of the class; he was
Married very soon; he was
Fond of tulips and automobiles;
His astrologer told him to wear rubber heels.
An insurance man he was; he was
Vice-president of the firm, he was.
Where is he now tonight at sunset,
Harry P. Smith, a small man
With black hair and a dead-pan
Face? Where is his place?

2.

All men's lives are a search for something to belong to,
And we, whose thought sits down halfway to the end of the journey,
Believe that the more a man thinks the harder it is to belong,
Believing that we have outgrown our beginnings in time and space,
Forgetting that in Australia, in Africa, in New Mexico,
As once in an earlier Stonehenge, and in Altamira's caves,
The fear that still at midnight shivers in our veins
Created, as it still creates, gods our hearts must dance to,
The god of the slow sunrise, the god of the necessary deer
The propitiated gods of the sky.

And always underneath beats the ancient drum,
Beating onward the beat of lives
In a dance of essential belonging.
Drumming the sun, drumming
Youth in a drumbeat

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Age in a drumbeat,
Death in the beating of a drumbeat
Steadily and always
In regular thunder
Drumming the world
Till dance and drummer and dancer and drum
Muffle to silence
And the feet slow down
Belonging to a silent
Drum;
And flowered eyes stare widely to local stars,
And the silent moccasins of the god
Step from heart to heart as on stones over a stream.

3.

We usually think of these things as merely the beginning of our history,
As a time we have abandoned, something to be watched by tourists,
Material to be gathered in anthropological notebooks;
Yet some of us longingly wish we were back in those times,
Sickened by the blare of continuous communication and advertising,
Shattered by thin-skinned lives and nervous ejaculations,
Craving the full pulse that beats beneath the bone.

4.

Belonging is hard for us
Because we are timorous
About good and evil.
We have no visible devil;
We have no visible heaven,
And every thing is even
As long as our hearts are spry
As long as you and I
Each act like a good guy
With a regular humorous smile
And no apparent guile,
And a slap on the back for Charlie.

Our uncertain features, blurred
As our tongues blur a word
Till vowel and consonant
In undistinguished chant
Drone indistinguishably on,
Add little to the bone.
As we grow old our eyes
Grow small but not more wise,
And if some foreign strain
Should fail to carve a line
From forehead down to chin,

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Each nose blobs to a round
Will-less olfactory mound
Between the mounds each side it
Whose pudginess derides it
And worst of all we bless
Our own featurelessness
With a slap on the back for Charlie.

O soldier marching, marching on dead stone
Anonymous tread, companioned and alone,
Is it for this, for us, you march to fight
With eyes stiffened against the steady night?
What do you find in us to make you brave?
What do you know of us you die to save?

5.

If we could imagine all of time held to a single moment,
Or even the last fifty years caught up in a momentary flash,
And the round surface of the earth flattened to a square graveyard,
Or even the space of this America shrunk to an acre in that graveyard,
And in that moment, hovering above that acre, you and I
Should listen to the expended human cry of all those people,
The vast membership of the dead in all that time, that space,
And all their local cries and complaints and regrets were chorused to one
Cry and lament and regret sighing through the echoing air,
We would hear a single word only: "Unused, unused!"
Everyone seeing his life through time, through space, would cry,
Looking back in vain and in anguish, "O, unused!"

Why did Frank McCutcheon snap at his wife at the supper-table?
Why does his voice, like yours and mine, cry in the dark hours
To a god he does not know, to a service he's never found,
"Use me O Lord! In Thy will is my peace"?
But finds his feet following the drum, beating
Its desperate triumph down his usual street,
And finds the death of other unused hearts,
His fellow-sufferers and counterparts,
The only answer in his temporal air
To the last hope, the unavailing prayer.

6.

Fred married a woman who wasn't his type
Before his habits and his tastes were ripe;
Each being the other's challenger,
She exasperated him, he exasperated her.
Every tendril each greened out
Was snipped quick off by the other's doubt.

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Close-planted stalks of dry distrust,
They rasped each other into dust,
Quarrelling because of the fried bananas,
Quarrelling because her dress was brown,
Because of his clumsy table manners.
Now he's the mayor of his home town,
And her neat grey suit runs every committee;
And winter, spring, summer, fall,
They talk politely of nothing at all.
Today was their yesterday's tomorrow;
Their saddest sorrow is lack of sorrow,
(Who dares to laugh? Who dares to pity?)
Fred is a bald man, six feet tall.

7.

About inventions we are very clever and sprightly,
We can work like the devil, if necessary all night,
At technical problems involving new kinds of macadam;
The least particles of matter bounce at our command;
Our energy is exciting and alive as we conquer the external world.
And working and exploring and exploding and inventing
We look to the final day when triumphant newspaper headlines
Will shout "MAN CONTROLS NATURE!!" in huge capital letters.

But increasingly we think of the other voices saying
(Perhaps in a foreign accent) "'Man controls Nature? . . .'
— All Nature but man's own."

While steadily tramps the regular terrible beat
Echoing, echoing down our darkened street,
Foot-beat on stone-beat, heart-beat on heavy stone. . . .
"What is our own," we cry; "O what is our own?"

8.

But some will always say,
Until they're old they'll say,
"Why make all this fuss?
What does it matter to us?
Come down to brass tacks;
Facts are only facts.
Brek-ek-ek-ek, co-ax.

"Why look for another way
To bring all men together
Than a day in fall weather
And a winning team to play?
Stop breathing down our necks;

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Find somebody else to vex!
Brek-ek-ek-ek, co-ex.

"We're worried enough as it is
In daily offices
With contracts and with prices
And red-taped devices
For making our employees
Softer, but harder to please.
We're taxed to the edge of murder.
Don't tax us any further:
Don't give our *brains* a tax!
Brek-ek-ek-ek, co-ax.

"Leave us alone without
Increasing our load of doubt;
If you give us room enough,
We're able to do our stuff;
Stop troubling our troubled brains
With all your fancy plans;
We'll see this business through
Without any words from you!
Oskey-Wow-Wow,
Uskey-Whee-Whee,
Siss-boom, siss-boom, siss-boom, RAH!"

And down the street the marching tread goes on
And still the foot-beats tramp upon the stone.

9.

As we do our jobs, moving through hours and days,
Each one of us has an occasional image, a revelation of possibility,
Of a pefect automobile, a pefect eternal salesman;
We believe we hear the complete word to satisfy us at last,
As we laugh with our sons at the breakfast table, or smile
In a family kind of embarrassment we are not entirely ashamed of,
When Sally with 12-year-old pigtails walks to the school-house platform
To recite "The Wreck of the Hesperus" with dreadful accuracy.

The perfect word, the perfect thing, hovers unattainable above us,
But all that comes out is a fraudulent "thanks" or "damn";
The generous act is performed with clumsy elbows;
Our growls are only a hint of all our scorn,
Our smiles are only the ghosts of our deep love.

10.

Music's magic, mistress of order,
Bill Stanley sought, striving to bend

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Hearkening heart, head's designing,
To one answer, order's reward.
Crossed by care, cured by hearing
At rare times, the ravishing sound,
He died despairing; death's silence
Hushing harmony. Hearing little
Of fame or fanfare, failure seemed
His grey grave.
But gaily he'd laugh,
Sometimes sighing, to see our praise,
Now he is nothing. We know his answer,
Stronger than silence. We strive to keep
His grasp of sunlight, greater than ours.

II.

We all have had the vision,
That makes us men,
Of some wise ordered plan
In which each man's decision
Of what is good for him
Fits with concordant joy
To what all others want;
Where nothing extravagant,
No blackening or alloy,
Mars the gold diadem
That crowns all our aspiring,
Till gaining and desiring
Are plentifully one
With no man left alone.

And those with clearest eyes
For final enterprise
Speak with the sharpest tongue
Of daily, local wrong.
The hopeful thinking man,
Passionate to stretch each mind
That sits contentedly blind,
In every suburban train,
To all but baseball news,
Dreams of another use
For the miracle of brain
Than delight in muscular skill
Of pitcher or of batter
And the other things that matter
If the local team's to win;

Dreams of a final state
Uncounted years away

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When all that we now do
Seems fumbling at a gate
That has no house in view,
And everything we say
Seems to the final word
A whisper, scarcely heard.

But down the street, marching on dead stone
The armored tread goes steadily, steadily on.

12.

We have little evil in us, our minds are well-disposed,
The harm we do, if sometimes great, is done from carelessness only,
There is always good will in our hearts as we talk of the brotherhood of man.
But we long for the larger good, the universal value,
We lament our partial wisdom, desirous of a final scheme,
We want to lift up our eyes, to stretch our minds into happiness,
Into the solution of order, the noble society of order,
Where the shine of local custom reflects an eternal example,
And we need no longer the brass enthusiasm of a cheer
As we lift our eyes, our eyes and our children's eyes,
To a loyalty higher than the anxieties of local conflicts
To a consecration of peace where we will find blessing at last,
Seeking a link beyond the temporal chain,

Beyond the circle of daily joy and pain
Beyond the ended thud of marching feet,
Of foot-beat, and drum-beat and death-beat,
Beyond the endless tramping on local stone
Seeking a different unity than stone;
The possible miracle that is not stone,
The union possible to man alone.

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Why 100,000,000 Americans Read Comics

William Moulton Marston

AMERICAN literature has reached in the present day "comics" or adventure strip a zenith of popularity never before achieved in world history by any form of reading matter. Eighteen million comics magazines are sold on the newsstands every month. Since, according to competent surveys, four or five persons read each magazine, we reach the startling total of 70,000,000 or more monthly readers. Research indicates that nearly half these readers are adults.

But monthly comic magazine sales represent only the cream of the story-strip crop. Approximately 1,500,000,000 copies of four- or five-panel comic strips are circulated every week in the daily newspapers. Only two of the nation's 2,300 sizable dailies — the *New York Times* and the *Christian Science Monitor* — are without comics. On Sunday morning some 40,600,000 children read 2,500,000,000 comic strips in more than 50,000,000 comic sections of Sunday newspapers, with far greater concentration than the progeny of our Puritan ancestors read the Bible. If some unlucky youngsters can't get the funnies away from Dad, or if the younger children can't read the captions and can't get Mommie to read them, they turn on the radio and listen to Uncle Don and other professional story-strip readers who broadcast the leading week-end comics features. To be sure, on weekdays it is very tiresome for millions of youngsters to wait until Father brings home the evening paper

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— so every day several comics continuities are dramatized on the radio. Then, too, at the movies the children see Blondie, Superman, Batman, and other story-strip dramas on the screen. And almost certainly they will see a Walt Disney or some similar animated animal cartoon every time they visit the cinema. The comics have become a seven-day, morning-afternoon-and-evening mental diet for a vast majority of Americans. One hundred million is a very conservative estimate of the total number of men, women, and children who habitually read story strips in the United States today.

This phenomenal development of a national comics addiction puzzles professional educators and leaves the literary critics gasping. Comics, they say, are not literature — adventure strips lack artistic form, mental substance, and emotional appeal to any but the most moronic of minds. Can it be that 100,000,000 Americans are morons? Possibly so; but there seems to be a simpler explanation. Nine humans out of ten react first with their feelings rather than with their minds; the more primitive the emotion stimulated, the stronger the reaction. Comics play a trite but lusty tune on the C natural keys of human nature. They rouse the most primitive, but also the most powerful, reverberations in the noisy cranial sound-box of consciousness, drowning out more subtle symphonies. Comics scorn finesse, thereby incurring the wrath of linguistic adepts. They defy the limits of accepted fact and convention, thus amortizing to apoplexy the ossified arteries of routine thought. But by these very tokens the picture-story fantasy cuts loose the hampering debris of art and artifice and touches the tender spots of universal human desires and aspirations, hidden customarily beneath long accumulated protective coverings of indirection and disguise. Comics speak, without qualm or sophistication, to the innermost ears of the wishful self. The response is like that of a thirsty traveler who suddenly finds water in the desert — he drinks to satiation.

Strange as it may seem, it is the *form* of comics-story telling, "artistic" or not, that constitutes the crucial factor in putting over this universal appeal. The potency of the picture story is not a matter of modern theory but of anciently established truth.

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Before man thought in words he felt in pictures. Man still prefers to short-cut his mental processes by skipping the laryngial substitutes and visualizing directly the dramatic situations that rouse his emotions. Eight or nine people out of ten get more emotional "kick" out of seeing a beautiful girl on the stage, the screen, or the picture-magazine page displaying her charms in person, or via camera or artist's pen, than they derive from verbal substitutes describing her compelling charms. It's too bad for us "literary" enthusiasts, but it's the truth nevertheless — pictures tell any story more effectively than words. Modern evidence of this prehistorically established fact is furnished by the amazing success of tabloid picture papers like the *New York News*, which has attained the largest circulation of any newspaper in the world; the growth of the pictorial weeklies, *Life*, *Look*, and a host of successful followers; and, the chief case in point, the amazing vogue of our modern picture-story classic, the comics magazine.

You think, perhaps, as I did before I looked into the matter, that comics continuities are something new in the world of fantasy and fiction. You are wrong; so was I. Mr. M. C. Gaines, a former school principal who originated the comic magazine and is publisher of a large group of these potent periodicals, including "Picture Stories from the Bible," went back to ages past and dug out some interesting facts about the success of the picture story during the early dawn of civilization.[1] The ancients, as numerous historical monuments attest, recorded their military triumphs as well as their domestic comedies in picture stories. These visual histories were done in shells, lapis lazuli, and pink limestone. We have specimens from Ur produced in 3500 B.C. In that early attempt to laugh and live with all the people through a pictorial medium, two girls were shown in a hair-pulling contest while other panels depicted victorious royal armies conquering and subjecting national enemies. What have we today? The same thing precisely, done with artist's ink, zinc plates, and a four-color printing process. The new development, accomplishing the ancient purpose, lies merely in

[1] A copy of M. C. Gaines's interesting articles entitled "Narrative Illustration" and "Good Triumphs Over Evil" may be obtained without charge by writing to him at 225 Lafayette Street, New York City.

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the fact that modern mechanical facilities permit comic strip producers to *distribute* their picture tales to a hundred million people instead of carving them on a stationary stone monument where only a few daring travelers could ever see them. The recreational appeal of picture dramas has *always* existed; the means of contacting vast populations with these pictorial creations constitutes the real achievement of our present age.

As the technique of picture publication evolved, the art of visual stimulation of mass emotions kept pace. Back in 1521, when the artist Hans Cranach picturized Martin Luther's *Passional Christi und Antichristi*, showing the Savior's humility in rebuking contrast to the pomposity of churchmen, the form of publication was crude indeed and the moral propaganda type of story content fell equally far from the mark of universal appeal. Satire and caricatures of the sins of notorious sinners did a little better as the printing process came into its own at the beginning of the eighteenth century. William Hogarth's "Rake's Progress" was a distinct success, though still damned by an overdose of reform motive. Political cartoons then, as now, appealed violently to partisan groups and evoked corresponding scorn from the parties attacked.

Nothing notable was accomplished in technique for another century, when Wilhelm Busch and some printers got together on a line-drawing proposition that resulted in his famous *Sketch Book*, and an equally notable volume protraying the undisguised naughtiness of two young devils, "Max and Moritz." This departure from accepted convention in both art and story content was a long step in the right direction — a step backward, toward the uninhibited, primitive, popular appeal of totem-pole carvings and Egyptian monument pictures along the Nile. The visual form must be simplified to essentials, the emotional response evoked must be instant and universal. When these two requirements are satisfied, it remains only to distribute the published product widely to secure a vast reading audience. Line drawing met the test of simplicity of art form, and childish mischief appealed to the repressed human wish to kick over the traces, smash conventional restraint, and eat forbidden fruit. This

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cartoon formula, therefore — purveyed to increasing multitudes by accommodating printers — set the pattern for the early stages of our modern comics era. Rudolph Dirks followed precisely the style and story theme of "Max and Moritz" when he began drawing "The Katzenjammer Kids," first popularized by Hearst papers in 1897 and still among the leading newspaper comic strips.

Roughly, the evolution of comics may be divided into three steps or stages. The first period, from 1900 to 1920, consisted almost entirely of comics that were meant to be comical. The second period, beginning hesitantly with the introduction of pathos and human interest into the continuities of the early twenties, reached its full fruition about 1930 when leading comics frankly stopped trying to be funny and became adventure strips. The third comics period began definitely in 1938 with the advent of Superman and constitutes a radical departure from all previously accepted standards of story telling and drama. Comics continuities of the present period are not meant to be humorous, nor are they primarily concerned with dramatic adventure. Their emotional appeal is wish fulfillment. There is no drama in the ordinary sense, because Superman is invincible, invulnerable. He can leap over skyscrapers, fly through the air and catch airplanes, toss battleships around, or repel bullets with his bare skin. Superman never risks danger; he is always, and by definition, superior to all menace.

Superman and his innumerable followers satisfy the universal human longing to be stronger than all opposing obstacles and the equally universal desire to see good overcome evil, to see wrongs righted, underdogs nip the pants of their oppressors, and, withal, to experience vicariously the supreme gratification of the *deus ex machina* who accomplishes these monthly miracles of right triumphing over not-so-mighty might. Here we find the Homeric tradition rampant — the Achilles with or without a vulnerable heel, the Hector who defends his home town from foreign invaders, wronged Agamemnon who pursues his righteous vengeance with relentless fury, and the wily Ulysses who cleverly accomplishes the downfall of attractive if culpable enemies by

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the exercise of superhuman wisdom. Homer did very well for himself with the troubadour technique in an age when pictures had to be painted by imagination. But M. C. Gaines, who perceived the Homeric inheritance of Siegal and Shuster and who turned the comics magazine into an illuminated vehicle for their dramaless but wish-fulfilling Superman tales, did far better — for himself and for his associates and followers. There can be little question, as this article goes to press, that the wish-fulfillment period of picture-story evolution is reaching new heights of reader interest, popular favor, publishers' profits, and — I say this thoughtfully — moral educational benefits for the younger generation.

If children *will* read comics, come Hail Columbia or literary devastation, why isn't it advisable to give them some constructive comics to read? After all, 100,000,000 Americans can't be wrong — at least about what they like. But the more decisive argument is psychological. What life-desires do you wish to stimulate in your child? Do you want him (or her) to cultivate weakling's aims, sissified attitudes? Your youngster may not inherit the muscles to do 100 yards in nine seconds flat, or make the fullback position on an All-American football team. But if not, all the more reason why he should cultivate the wish for power along constructive lines within the scope of his native abilities. The wish to be super-strong is a healthy wish, a vital, compelling, power-producing desire. The more the *Superman-Wonder Woman* picture stories build up this inner compulsion by stimulating the child's natural longing to battle and overcome obstacles, particularly evil ones, the better chance your child has for self-advancement in the world.

Certainly there can be no argument about the advisability of strengthening the fundamental human desire, too often buried beneath stultifying divertisements and disguises, to see good overcome evil. "Happy" endings are shown in the new comics as products of superhuman efforts to help others — *not* as mere happenstances mysteriously obeying the "Pollyanna" rule that "everything always comes out all right in the end." The moral force of this new type of story teaching is stronger far than the

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older appeal to self-interest. "Be good and you'll be happy" is a difficult idea to sell. Children don't believe it, even in stories. Nor are they greatly impressed by its converse: "If you're bad you'll get punished." They qualify the latter precept by adding, "If you are caught." And when a religious teacher resorts to the next world for a flavor of inevitability, the averagely bright child in this cynical age remarks, "But how do you *know* what happens in the next world?" Heaven and hell are a long way off, psychologically, from a child's today. But heroics are their daily bread.

Feeling big, smart, important, and winning the admiration of their fellows are realistic rewards all children strive for. It remains for moral educators to decide what type of behavior is to be regarded as heroic. Shall we teach our children that the heroic thing, the deed for which they will attain desired kudos, is killing enemies and conquering their neighbors, *à la* Napoleon, Hitler, Genghis Khan, and others of their ilk? Or shall we make the great stunt in a child's mind the protection of the weak and the helping of humanity? The Superman-Wonder Woman school of picture-story telling emphatically insists upon heroism in the altruistic pattern. Superman never kills; Wonder Woman saves her worst enemies and reforms their characters. If the incredible barrage of comic strips now assaulting American minds establishes this new definition of heroics in the thought reflexes of the rising generation, it will have been worth many times its weight in pulp paper and multicolored ink.

Comics have many faults. Some of their most glaring misdemeanors have been curbed; other assaults on culture and good taste go merrily on. My first sortie into the comics field was in the role of reformer. I was retained as consulting psychologist by comics publishers to analyze the present shortcomings of monthly picture magazines and recommend improvements. An advisory board of educators was formed for the "Superman-D. C." group of publications, including such outstanding authorities as Professor W. W. D. Sones, Director of Curriculum Study at the University of Pittsburgh; Professor Robert Thorndike of Teachers College, Columbia; and Dr. C. Bowie Millican, Professor of

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English Literature at New York University. The active efforts of these and others and the cooperation of the publishers, headed by M. C. Gaines and his associates, have raised considerably the standards of English, legibility, art work, and story content in some twenty comics magazines totalling a monthly circulation of more than 6,000,000. Picture stories have proved effective in teaching school subjects, notably English, which formerly was the most frequently criticized feature of the strips. We have inaugurated the policy of introducing into continuities a certain percentage of words which are above the average child-reader level, with the result that children soon determine the meanings and add these new words to their vocabularies. Excerpts from Superman have been used successfully in teaching English in the public schools, notably in a junior high school at Lynn, Massachusetts, where a special Superman workbook was compiled by a progressive young English instructor. These developments are only in their early stages, with tremendous possibilities indicated by initial experiments.

The most radical departure from previously accepted rules of picture-story content resulted from an early recommendation of mine to the publishers. It seemed to me, from a psychological angle, that the comics' worst offense was their blood-curdling masculinity. A male hero, at best, lacks the qualities of maternal love and tenderness which are as essential to a normal child as the breath of life. Suppose your child's ideal becomes a super*man* who uses his extraordinary power to help the weak. The most important ingredient in the human happiness recipe still is missing — *love*. It's smart to be strong. It's big to be generous. But it's sissified, according to exclusively masculine rules, to be tender, loving, affectionate, and alluring. "Aw, that's girl's stuff!" snorts our young comics reader. "Who wants to be a *girl*?" And that's the point; not even girls want to be girls so long as our feminine archetype lacks force, strength, power. Not wanting to be girls they don't want to be tender, submissive, peaceloving as good women are. Women's strong qualities have become despised because of their weak ones. The obvious remedy is to create a feminine character with all the strength of a Superman plus

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all the allure of a good and beautiful woman. This is what I recommended to the comics publishers.

My suggestion was met by a storm of mingled protests and guffaws. Didn't I know that girl heroines had been tried in pulps and comics and, without exception, found failures? Yes, I pointed out, but they weren't *superwomen* — they weren't superior to men in strength as well as in feminine attraction and love-inspiring qualities. Well, asserted my masculine authorities, if a woman hero were stronger than a man, she would be even less appealing. Boys wouldn't stand for *that;* they'd resent the strong gal's superiority. No, I maintained, men actually submit to women now, they do it on the sly with a sheepish grin because they're ashamed of being ruled by weaklings. Give them an alluring woman stronger than themselves to submit to and they'll be *proud* to become her willing slaves!

M. C. Gaines listened to our arguments for a while. Then he said: "Well, Doc, I picked Superman after every syndicate in America turned it down. I'll take a chance on your *Wonder Woman!* But you'll have to write the strip yourself. After six months' publication we'll submit your woman hero to a vote of our comics readers. If they don't like her I can't do any more about it." That was fair enough. I wrote Wonder Woman. I found an artist — Harry Peter, an old-time cartoonist who began with Bud Fischer on the *San Francisco Chronicle* and who knows what life is all about — and with Gaines' helpful cooperation we created the first successful woman character in comics magazines. After five months the publishers ran a popularity contest between Wonder Woman and seven rival men heroes, with startling results. Wonder Woman proved a forty to one favorite over her nearest male competitor, capturing more than 80 per cent of all the votes cast by thousands of juvenile comics fans. The credit is all Wonder Woman's — I mean the wonder which is really woman's when she adds masculine strength to feminine tenderness and allure. The kids who rated Wonder Woman tops in an otherwise masculine galaxy of picture story stars weren't voting for a clever script writer (of that I assure you!), nor were they expressing a preference for Harry Peter's drawing, understanding

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as it is. They were saying by their votes, "We *love* a girl who is stronger than men, who uses her strength to help others and who allures us with the love appeal of a true woman!"

So there's the latest formula in comics — super-strength, altruism, and feminine love allure, combined in a single character. Forget the crudities of plot, drawing, printing, and color work — or, rather, regard them as essential simplifications in constructing an emotional stimulus with universal appeal. Then consider our modern facilities for making cheap paper from trees, printing millions of pages at lightning speed in nature's four primary colors, and the familiar miracles of transportation which distribute hundreds of thousands of picture-story books across a continent in a few hours time. Add these products of human progress together and you can understand, without straining a sinew of your imagination, the astounding consumption of America's most popular mental vitamin, the wish-fulfilling picture story.

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The Future of Colonies

Walter Sulzbach

I

THE nations which at the dawn of the modern era set out to acquire new territories overseas desired to "get" something out of their new possessions. The desire to become rich, though not their only motive, was certainly the most important one. They were, however, destined for various disappointments. The Spaniards, for instance, managed to ship a lot of gold, silver, and spices to Spain. But in order to achieve this they had to have a great and costly navy continually patrolling the ocean. Their policy of excluding all foreigners from trade with their colonies involved them in numerous wars. The influx of gold and silver into Spain brought about a tremendous rise in prices. The reservation of the good jobs in the colonies for natives of the homeland, in addition to the monopolistic tendencies of Spanish economic policies, infuriated the Creoles. Spain did not grow richer in the centuries of her American venture. The reverse took place.

England concentrated its colonial efforts from the very beginning on monopolistic trade. The British knew that robbery, pure and simple, could not carry far. They thought that by prescribing to their colonials what they should buy and what they should sell to England, the mother country would enjoy monopolistic gains which would make it well worth while to develop and defend her colonial possessions. Thus originated the "colonial system" which functioned for a century and a half. But eventually the American colonies revolted and declared themselves sovereign. This event began a new epoch in colonial history, the importance of which was enhanced by two events, both related to the American Revolution. One took place when the Revolution began, the other after it had ended.

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The first event was the publication in 1776 of Adam Smith's *Inquiry into the Nature and Causes of the Wealth of Nations*. Here Smith advocated all-round free trade and condemned the system of monopoly, with arguments that have never since been refuted. Monopolies, he said, harm even those nations that go to war in order to defend them. If England would allow her colonies free trade, France, Spain, and other countries would exchange their goods with them in addition to the trade which they would carry on with England. The colonies would grow richer and consequently become better customers of the mother country.

The second event was that Smith's free-trade doctrine proved itself right. In 1776 Smith had written: "The expectation of a rupture with the Colonies has struck the people of Great Britain with more terror than they ever felt for a Spanish armada, or a French invasion." Now that the rupture was definite, the people of England feared that they would be overcome by an unprecedented depression. However, these pessimists were to be surprised. Within a few years their trade with the United States was larger than it had ever been before, and it increased by leaps and bounds. Adam Smith, then, was right, and soon all leading English thinkers and politicians were convinced that colonies are worthless. During a great part of the nineteenth century it seemed that British imperialism was a trend of the past.

II

In 1839 Brougham described Wolfe's capture of Quebec as an operation "which crowned our arms with imperishable glory and loaded our policy with a burden not yet shaken off." Disraeli, later a great imperialist himself, said in 1852: "These wretched colonies will all be independent in a few years and are a millstone 'round our necks." Richard Cobden was even more outspoken: "It is customary to hear our standing army and navy defended as necessary for the protection of our colonies, as though some other nation might otherwise seize them. Where is the enemy that would be so good as to steal such property? We should consider it to be quite as necessary to arm in defence of our national

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debt." These and similar opinions were not restricted to the realm of theory. Until around 1870 the majority of the British governments of the nineteenth century acted accordingly. When British settlers in Natal asked England for protection, there was much hesitation until it was given and Natal was annexed. New Zealand was put reluctantly under the British flag in 1840 and would not have been annexed except for the fear that France might otherwise have taken it. In 1856, Britain declined to participate in the project of the Suez Canal because Lord Palmerston was apprehensive that such a canal might lead to British occupation of Egypt. Bismarck wrote in 1868: "All the advantages claimed for the mother country are for the most part illusions. England is abandoning her colonial policy. She finds it too costly." When France offered colonies to Germany after her defeat at Sedan in 1870, Bismarck showed no interest.

Canada was the first of the British Dominions to achieve self-government. Australia and New Zealand followed, and the Union of South Africa reached the same status a few years after the Boer War. Today the British Dominions are, for all practical purposes, sovereign states. They appoint their own governments, make their own laws, have their own currencies and commercial policies, levy tariffs on goods brought from England and disallow indiscriminate immigration. Insofar as they contribute to imperial defense, it is on a purely voluntary basis. The Dominions are sovereign members of the British commonwealth of nations. A similar line of policy was followed by the United States after she had deprived Spain of Cuba and the Philippines. Cuba was given independence only a few years later, and arrangements had been made for Philippine independence in the near future when war broke out with Japan.

However, the history of the British Dominions, which is one of unbroken progress toward full freedom, is not the history of all colonies. In the seventies the European nations once more developed a taste for colonies and territorial expansion. England felt anew that the British Empire was something of which she might be proud, and she entered upon a new era of expansion in order to shoulder the "white man's burden." France acquired

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the second greatest colonial empire in the world after her defeat of 1870–71, seeking compensation for the wound suffered by the loss of Alsace-Lorraine. Germany, Italy, and, a little later, Japan entered the competition for territories overseas, and even the United States was caught up in an acquisitive imperialistic impulse at the end of the century.

III

Insofar as the economic value of colonies is concerned, Adam Smith and his followers have been right.

Between 1894 and 1913 Germany's trade with her colonies was 0.38 per cent of her total trade. In those two decades Germany received from her colonies 972 million marks, profits from this trade amounting, of course, to only a small percentage of this sum. During the same period Germany spent 1,002 million marks on her possessions.[1] Commerce between France and her colonies has been great, particularly with Algeria, but in her case, too, expenses incurred through subsidies, garrisons, and local warfare have far outweighed commercial profits. Italy's trade with her colonies has, for the most part, been equal to less than one per cent and has never exceeded two per cent of her entire trade. Between 1913 and 1932 Italy expended nearly $650 for every square mile of her colonial territory. Thereafter, she spent many billions of lira for the conquest and development of Ethiopia, which the British took away from her by force of arms in 1941, five years after her Ethiopian victory. In regard to Britain, Grover Clark reaches the following conclusion:

> Well over two-thirds of Britain's trade has been with foreign countries. Roughly half of the rest has been with the self-governing British countries. With the regions where she really has had control, Britain has done only a little over a tenth of her external trade. And she has had only about one-third of the trade of these regions: a much smaller proportion than of the trade of the independent British countries. That leaves a relatively very small amount of trade which properly can be said to have come to her because she had political control of colonies.

Yet in face of the British record there are still persons who say that

[1] These and most of the following figures on trade and immigration are taken from the excellent study, *A Place in the Sun*, by Grover Clark, Macmillan Co., New York, 1936.

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the common people of Britain have benefited greatly because Britain has poured billions of pounds into getting and keeping colonies and Dominion contacts, and into the wars which were due in large part to the scramble for colonies in which Britain took a leading part.

It is profitable for a country to trade with all the nations of the world. Its own colonies do not, in this respect, mean much more to it than they would if they were sovereign states or the colonies of other countries. This is not surprising. Members of the white race, like the Canadians or Australians, buy from and sell to those countries that offer them desirable commodities and markets. Should England attempt to force on them the old colonial system, or something similar, they would immediately secede. Even in India, England's influence is strictly limited. Force may still be used, without fear of an immediate violent reaction, against certain native tribes in Africa and parts of Asia. But such tribes are backward not only in the political, but also in the industrial field, and no great commercial turnover can be achieved with them.

The problem of *raw materials* is really no problem at all. No one has ever heard the Swiss clamoring for colonies and using the argument that, as Switzerland has no overseas possessions and is even without access of its own to the ocean, they are unable to buy cotton, wool, oil, sugar, coffee. What actually happens is that certain nations or their rulers desire colonies for one reason or another and base their claims on the assertion that foreign countries are unwilling to sell them what they need. The latter claim is sometimes true, but the reason is that countries like Germany and Italy (when ruled as they have been of late) wish to buy on credit and thereafter default. This has nothing to do with the problem of colonies. The United States, for instance, is the greatest consumer of rubber in the world. Nearly all the rubber is produced in the British colonies of Malaya, Ceylon, and in the Dutch East Indies. When these colonies were conquered by the Japanese and the war produced a serious transport problem — but not before — the United States had to go without imported rubber. But the situation would not have been altered if rubber were grown on the American-owned Philippine Islands.

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Let us now look at the problem of *emigration*. It is common knowledge that when people make the hard decision to leave the country where they were born and grew up, they are attracted by countries with the highest wages and the highest standard of living. Italians will emigrate to Argentina and Brazil rather than to Italian Somaliland. The Japanese prefer the Pacific Coast of the United States to Manchukuo. No mass settlement of white people is possible in tropical regions, though these cover many millions of square miles.

Clark says:

> Nearly three-quarters of the territory outside of Europe, which is controlled by European governments, is in Africa. (This does not include the British Dominions, which, as we have seen, are independent.) But less than two per cent of the net emigration from Europe has gone to Africa, and those who have stayed there are less than six ten thousandths of Europe's present population.
>
> Just under one-fiftieth of the territory controlled from Europe is in the Americas. But nearly nine-tenths of the Europeans who went overseas to stay have settled in the Americas.

When the first World War started, more than three times as many Germans were living on the island of Manhattan as in the German colonies. Since 1815 more Britons have gone to the United States than to the British Dominions and colonies. Between 1925 and 1933, Japan's population increased by 7.8 millions. The migration from Japan to all her colonies proper (Korea, Formosa, and Japanese Saghalin) in these eight years was about 196,000, or only 2.5 per cent of the increase in population at home. About 19 million people left Europe permanently between 1884 and 1934. But the effect on the population of Europe has not been impressive, for during the same period the population of Europe increased about 175 millions.

We may, therefore, safely conclude that colonies are neither a solution for the problem of slacking foreign trade nor a safety-valve against the pressure of population. If this thesis needs an additional proof, look at such countries as Switzerland, Sweden, Norway, and Denmark. These have no colonies, yet their exports have experienced no particular difficulties in peace times. They have always been able to import raw materials. They have

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kept their currencies sound, and the average citizen of these nations before the present war was probably better off in an economic sense than people anywhere except in the United States. Is it not evident that the prosperity of these countries must, in part at least, be explained by the fact that they have neither subsidized nor garrisoned colonies nor gone to war to acquire or defend overseas possessions?

That many people among the so-called "have" as well as the "have-not" nations *believe* in colonies as a preventive means against economic evils is certain. But as their belief stands in contradiction to the clear evidence that their opinion is not only false but costly, the true motives of colonialism must be sought elsewhere. The untenable economic doctrines of the imperialists must be rooted in an impulse that makes them stick to them in face of facts and figures. This impulse is not hard to trace. We need only look at the nations which at present stand in the forefront of the drive for colonies. National honor, military glory, prestige, lust for domination, spreading of the national language and culture, making history — these are the real motives behind the fight for colonies. These are the causes, far more than the consequences, of difficulties with which international trade, goodwill, and peace find themselves confronted.

IV

Turning now to the question: What future lies ahead for the colonies of the United Nations, France, and Japan, we have the experience of two former great world conflicts to help us in forming an opinion. We take for granted, of course, that the democracies will win the war.

During the Napoleonic wars Spain and Portugal were occupied by the troops of foreign powers. Spain came under a sovereign who had been imposed on it by Napoleon and toward whom neither his European nor his colonial subjects felt any loyalty. Brazil became the seat of the Portuguese government when the Royal family of the Braganzas fled from Lisbon. In both cases the colonials had ample time to think over their political problems. When Europe calmed down, the political status of the Latin

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American countries did not go back to their colonial past. The Spanish colonies revolted until they were definitely free; Brazil became a sovereign state with one of the Braganzas as its emperor.

These were countries in which the leading personalities belonged to the white race. The War of 1914–18 involved colonies inhabited by non-Caucasian people. Insofar as the German colonies, which were conquered and made mandated territory to the League of Nations, were concerned, nothing has been heard of the impression which the war and the changes that took place in its aftermath have made on the African natives. But the Arabs, who were liberated from the yoke of the Turk and given almost complete freedom under the Mandate system, became increasingly politically minded as time went on, and their attitude raised problems of which we shall speak presently.

The present war has already involved many more tropical colonies and dependencies than World War I, and additional ones may be involved before the struggle comes to an end. War and changes of governments and the legal order make the people restless and undermine their traditional beliefs and loyalties. We must, therefore, expect the attitude of the natives toward their white masters to be changed. The French Empire has been thoroughly shaken. Its various parts have been taken over by Free French, Americans, British, or Japanese troops. The Japanese have overrun French, British, Dutch, and American territory, thereby giving the colored races a new experience. For, whereas the white nations have fought frequently among themselves for the domination of India and Africa, and whereas it has happened before that dependencies have been endowed with self-determination — for instance, Egypt and Haiti — it has never before happened (if we set aside the Russo-Japanese war where the region affected was of a different type) that a non-Caucasian nation has conquered densely populated tropical colonies from their European-American masters.

Even after the territories lost to the Japanese have been regained, their native inhabitants will not be the same people they were before. An evolution, which has been under way for a long

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time and was accelerated, first by the War of 1914–18 and thereafter by the political unrest of the succeeding years, will have received a new impetus. I refer to the formation of a class of *native intellectuals* who have imbued themselves with Western ideas of national self-determination and are passing on those ideas to their eagerly responding, more or less illiterate, compatriots. This "awakening" of peoples hitherto indifferent toward politics has affected Malayans and Africans, and has revolutionized the politics of British India whose inhabitants can boast of a venerable civilization of their own. By bringing Christianity to the colored races, by giving them access to Western philosophy and social science, and by inviting colonial students to their universities, Europe and America have paved the way for an eventual revolution of the colored races against the rule of their teachers. This development of events was, of course, inevitable as were its consequences. Thus the white nations face the following situation: The spiritual riches with which they have presented the peoples in their colonies are rebounding on themselves; the material riches for the sake of which they have been eager to own tropical colonies have, to a large extent, proven illusory. Yet, it is inconceivable that they should turn back on the path they have chosen. Their democratic conscience will urge them to offer ever greater educational facilities to the colored races and to treat them with even more regard than hitherto. Considerations of expediency will add their weight to make them follow a policy that will prevent a repetition of the experience of the British in Burma, where the natives sided with the advancing Japanese.

The future of all colonies will be determined by these two facts: The mother countries do not need them, and a growing class of native intellectuals is clamoring for self-determination. As considerations of prestige and military glory count, at present, far less in the public opinion of the democratic nations than they used to, it is safe to predict that the dissolution of the traditional relationship between mother-countries and colonies will continue with increasing speed. True, Winston Churchill declared on Armistice Day, 1942: "I did not become the King's First Minister in order to preside over the liquidation of the British

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Empire." It must be kept in mind, however, that no nation likes to be advised upon its colonial policy by foreigners, even by its allies, and England has constantly been subjected to such advice.

The history of colonization would probably come to its natural end during the next decades had colonies no value whatsoever. However, in politics motives other than purely economic ones are important, and new problems that have little to do with man's acquisitive instinct are ever imposing themselves.

To put it bluntly, the relationship between colonization on the one hand, and war on the other, is undergoing a change. Nations used to go to war in order to acquire colonies. At present various nations are eager to acquire or retain colonies either in order to put them to good use in wars of aggression or to prevent other nations from making war on them.

Had Germany been allowed to annex Morocco before the First World War, she would have been enabled to station a part of her navy in the Atlantic Ocean and to threaten British commerce. Ethiopia in the hands of Mussolini was a strategic area in the midst of British Africa. The country is also inhabited by warlike races who might, in due time, have formed a part of the Italian army. Certain Indian tribes make up the greater part of the British army in India, and North and Central African tribes have excelled as soldiers under the French flag. The strategic materials that have made the wealth of Malaya and the Dutch Indies have been important as incentives in the eyes of the Japanese militarists. Any nation can buy tin and rubber in peacetime. But in wartime the nations in whose territory such raw materials are produced or found hold an important military asset. This being the case, the question of who "owns" certain colonies cannot be a matter of indifference to peaceful nations. In the hands of the Japanese, Singapore is a threat to Australia, and Hawaii and the Mandated Islands endanger the security of the United States and the Philippines. Peace-minded nations are not made wealthier by their colonies. But they may lose wealth and freedom if they allow strategic areas to be ruled by such neighbors as are not resigned to their *status quo*.

There is another point involved. Certain nations, such as Hol-

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land and Sweden, which in the past have been aggressive, have since quieted down. Others — for example, Italy — have taken the opposite course. When Japan has been defeated and disarmed the problem of Asiatic imperialism will not have been settled, for it is quite possible that a number of "native" races may turn out to be less peacefully minded than we might wish.

Many people who are enthusiastic about the principle of national self-determination are convinced that nations which have accomplished their liberation from a foreign yoke must be averse to every kind of imperialism and will not wish to impose their own will on other peoples. Unfortunately, this is not always true. A man as well versed in power politics as Bismarck, wrote in his memoirs: "Liberated nations are not thankful but exigent." His own experience was limited to Europe. But there is reason to assume that among the ideas and ambitions of the Western nations that increasingly appeal to other branches of the human race, imperialism is one.

The Arabs provide an illustration. After having been under the Turkish yoke for centuries, they were liberated by the Allied and Associated Powers in 1918–19, and in the years thereafter the several newly organized Arab states well-nigh achieved self-determination. They had at their disposal a large, thinly settled area. Arabs formed the majority of the population in Palestine, which holds a unique position in Jewish and Christian, but not in Arabic, tradition. There was no question of excluding the Arabs from the Holy Land, and, as events soon proved, Jewish immigration brought new wealth to the country and was an incentive for additional Arabic immigration. Yet the whole Arabic world — under clerical and intellectual leadership — was inflamed by the idea that Palestine should be withheld from Arabic sovereignty. So powerful was the pressure exerted by the Arab world on succeeding British governments that it was able to prevail against the arguments of the Zionists in favor of a national home for the Jews, though the Jewish case could hardly be contested and had been endorsed in 1917 by the British themselves.

Even more disquieting is the case of India. As yet, outside of a relatively small circle of Indian intellectuals, there is no Indian

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national consciousness. The people of India are divided along racial, linguistic, religious, and caste lines. A strong group of Mohammedans opposes the idea of self-government for India, unless the provinces inhabited mainly by Mohammedans are granted the right of secession and the establishment of a state of their own. India is still a British dependency. The Japanese are knocking at its gates. We are not interested here in the question of whether all the Indian followers of Islam, or only some of them, are opposed to Hindu rule, nor do we ask whether the partition of India would be desirable. We are concerned with the attitude of the All-India Congress, representing mainly the Hindus. In the answer which this powerful organization handed to Sir Stafford Cripps, self-determination is flatly denied to the Mohammedans. "Acceptance beforehand of the novel principle of non-accession for a province," said the All-India Congress,[2] "is a severe blow to the conception of Indian unity. . . . Congress has been wedded to Indian freedom and unity, and any break of that unity, especially in the modern world when peoples' minds inevitably think in terms of even larger federations, would be injurious to all concerned and exceedingly painful to contemplate." Thus the Hindus, who are by no means a warlike race and desire to fight the Japanese in the case of an invasion only with the weapon of non-cooperation, insist on Indian "unity" even against the wishes of a part of their countrymen. Prior even to the achievement of national self-determination, they are already set on the way to imperialism.

There are more potentially imperialistic peoples yet living under colonial rule in Asia and Africa. Their "awakening" and "liberation" may have unwelcome surprises in store. That the white nations hold no monopoly of efficiency in modern warfare has been proved by the Japanese.

The first World War brought about the destruction of three great empires: the Russian, the Ottoman, and the Austro-Hungarian. Several nations that had been under foreign rule achieved self-determination. But the "balkanization" of Eastern Europe turned out to be a disaster of the very first magnitude.

[2] *The New York Times*, April 12, 1942.

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Some of the newly liberated peoples proved themselves no less imperialistic than their old masters. There is today the very grave danger that the end of the colonial system will mean repetition of the same calamity, this time on a world-wide scale. The imperialism of the white nations may be replaced by the imperialism of the colored races, and the bygone period of humanitarian colonialism may then appear to future generations a golden era.

Yet, grave though these perils are, they are not wholly inevitable. There is now universal consensus that international security can be achieved only if the sovereignty of the various states is restricted and if a powerful league of nations settles their conflicts and enforces its decisions. The solution of the colonial problem lies in the same direction. There is no other choice if national liberty is to exist without the complement of international anarchy.

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The Humanities in the Americas

John Erskine

THE present world upheaval and the exigencies of war make scholars fearful for the humanities. The humanities are indeed, and have long been, in peril, but not from war. What blanches the scholarly cheek is perhaps the possibility that the college course may be permanently shrunk from four to three years and our own lecturing cut down. This, of course, would be tragic, yet the effect upon the humanities would not necessarily be disastrous.

In earlier and more precise decades the humanities were the Greek and Latin classics. They earned the name of humanities by the human wisdom and the human sympathy which permeated them. They encouraged us to know ourselves, to study our fellows, and to increase the difference between men and animals. The business of the humanities was to make human beings more humane; the humane philosophy addresses itself at once to the heart and to the mind, holding before us a noble ideal, taking into merciful account the weakness as well as the strength of our character, and by disciplined intelligence reinforcing and directing those of our impulses which are admirable.

The study of the humanities once had something to do with the Latin and Greek languages, but the tradition of the humanities can, if we so wish, live on in us, no matter what tongue we speak. Does it so live on? The content of the humanities was a rule for living. What has been the fortune in America of this philosophy which scholars still pretend is the guide of their lives? Since America includes other countries than our own, let us ask what has happened to this philosophy in the United States, and whether it has fared better or worse in the other Americas.

The Greeks and the Romans provided examples of the way this philosophy should work, and some of the young men who founded our Republic showed that they had taken the lesson to

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heart. They held it a cardinal doctrine that theory and practice should go hand in hand. Even in ancient Greece there was some disposition to separate the active from the contemplative life, but in the central humane tradition intelligence was linked as closely as possible with conduct. Even to attempt this harmony was and is an advance beyond ordinary human nature. If we think before we act, we are in danger of seeing both sides of the question, and in the end we may feel it impossible to act at all. On the other hand, if we act before we think, we are prejudiced in favor of the course we have taken, and in the end we'll be sure we did right, even if we did a great wrong.

The leaders of the American Revolution were trained in the humanistic philosophy of action and thought together. Many of the early patriots knew by heart a certain great passage in the funeral oration of Pericles, as reported by Thucydides. Pericles was telling the Athenians why their little city had, and would continue to have, a name in the world.

> Instead of looking on discussion as a stumbling block in the way of action, we think it an indispensable preliminary to any wise action at all. In our enterprises we present the singular spectacle of daring and deliberation, each carried to its highest point, and both united in the same persons; although usually decision is the fruit of ignorance and hesitation results from reflection. But the palm of courage will surely be awarded most justly to those who best know the difference between hardship and pleasure and yet are not tempted to shrink from danger.

I put first the humanistic doctrine that thought and action should accompany each other, but a Greek in the ancient world would begin with a rule for testing right and wrong, whether in acting or thinking. There is in each of us a moral instinct which by itself persuades us in favor of one course, against another. Not to obey this inner command to do right is a sin against what the Greeks called *aidos*, moral self-respect. Any man or woman who trusts to *aidos* alone must, the Greeks thought, be a rash fool. A very dangerous fool. Are we sure we know what is right? The maniacs in the asylums are much surer than we. Nature, which provides us with so many instincts and impulses, has furnished no inner machinery by which we can prove we are sane. For that we need outside help. In the humanistic philosophy,

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therefore, it is our duty to check up our notion of right and wrong by the convictions of other men. This regard for the moral instinct of our fellows is called *nemesis*. We use the word in a later sense to suggest fate catching up with us. In the end, the moral judgments of our fellows do catch up with us. Therefore, just as we should combine thought and action, we must submit *aidos* as soon as possible to the test of *nemesis*.

The doctrine of *nemesis* was once understood in our land. No one has defined it better than Thomas Jefferson, who called it "a decent respect to the opinion of mankind." Most of us today probably think we, too, have a decent respect for the opinions of mankind, but perhaps we deceive ourselves. We in the United States have so far departed from the philosophy of the humanities that we justify our conduct somewhat exclusively by *aidos*, by our private persuasion of our righteousness. So long as our conscience is clear, we even boast of our indifference to criticism.

I should be sorry if my words were read to mean that the voice of conscience should be disregarded. But the difference between the philosophy of Sopocles or Euripides, of Washington, of Jefferson, of Hamilton, of Lincoln, and the philosophy of a Napoleon or a Hitler, lies precisely in the point that those in the tradition of the humanities had a decent respect, not only for their private conscience, but for the opinions of mankind. Even upon their own impulses, about the sincerity and generosity of which their conscience was clear, they were ready to put checks and balances.

This principle of checks and balances we are familiar with in the Constitution of our country. It is only an extension into public government of the balance of *nemesis* against *aidos*. The men who gathered at the Convention and drafted our Constitution had read a certain passage in the Greek historian Polybius, an extraordinarily influential statement of the principles on which the ancient world of the humanities believed sound government should be based. By bitter experience, says Polybius, the citizens of Athens, and later of Rome, knew the merits and the defects of three systems — tyranny, oligarchy, and democracy. The tyrant was the single ruler, not necessarily a bad man, and probably

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more efficient than any larger number of administrators could be, but since he was responsible to no one else, his actions would tend to be guided exclusively by *aidos*. In an oligarchy there was a limited balance of assorted private judgments, one against the other, and there was a good chance that the oligarchs would be able men, representing, as it were, an aristocracy. For a country to be ruled by its best citizens is obviously a good fate, but oligarchies, like tyrannies, have no sure method of choosing the best men for their successors, and staying in office too long they lose touch with the needs and aspirations of common humanity. Democracy, by direct vote of the people, gives expression to the will of the majority, but the majority can be swayed by emotional pleading, and pure democracies are notorious for their ineptitude in the details of government.

The wisest system, said Polybius, avails itself of the best features of tyranny, of oligarchy, and of democracy. At the head of the state should be an executive. His title is unimportant — call him King, Caesar, or Consul. There should be a law-making body called, perhaps, a senate, to furnish a check or balance on the policy which the administrative officer carries out. The ultimate authority should rest in the people, in the democracy. The people should elect the senators. Whether or not they should elect the consul or king, they themselves must decide.

In the discussions which took place at the Constitutional Convention some of the Founding Fathers wished the head of the state to be a king. The majority wished the executive to be elected for a limited term. Some wished him not to be eligible for re-election. Others were willing to have one re-election but not a third term. Thomas Jefferson was convinced later that to forbid a third term was unnecessary because, "The example of four Presidents voluntarily retiring at the end of their eighth year, and the progress of public opinion, that the principle is salutary, have given it in practice the force of precedent and usage; insomuch, that, should a President consent to be a condidate for a third election, I trust he would be rejected, on this demonstration of ambitious views."

I cite these closing sentences of a famous passage in Jefferson's

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autobiography as another example of his respect for *nemesis* and his confidence that public opinion in the long run is a controlling influence. That *nemesis* does overtake us in the double sense of the word, as public opinion and as retribution, is demonstrated by the efforts which our country is making to persuade our neighbors to think well of us. As I have suggested, we cannot discuss the humanities in America without considering the present state of the humane philosophy in Mexico, in Brazil, in Argentina, Chile, Uruguay, and the other countries in the south. The example of our Revolutionary leaders encouraged Bolívar, San Martín, Artigas, all the South American patriots, to secure their freedom. Most South American countries modeled their constitutions upon ours, with such variations as had been debated in our Constitutional Convention. Knowing the philosophy which underlay our institutions, they expected fellowship and mutual understanding with us. But they didn't get it. When Bolívar proposed a Pan-American Union in 1825, our government refused to join, though Henry Clay, Secretary of State, pleaded for it. Our new country in its bumptiousness, undervaluing its neighbors, had already begun its long record of indifference, unintentional bad manners, and commercial exploitation, which today we regret, and for which belatedly we would make amends.

I have had the privilege of watching our good-will policy from both vantage points, from below the equator as well as from above. If the philosophy of *aidos* and *nemesis* were really our guide, we would ask what opinion our neighbors hold of us and our good intentions. There is little doubt that we make progress, but it is an error to express the spirit of neighborliness primarily in gifts or other economic benefits. The humanities need to meet on an intellectual and spiritual plane.

The culture of South America is older and more deeply rooted than ours. I believe that I here state plain truth, but it is not important that I think so; what matters is that South America thinks so. South America knows that our oldest college, Harvard, was established in 1636, and that the University of Córdoba dates from 1613. But the University of Córdoba, though older than our oldest, is comparatively a youthful institution of learn-

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ing. The University of Mexico was created in 1553, the University of Lima in 1551. Central and South America, therefore, have three universities older than any of ours. Most of us know little about these institutions, but their graduates are extremely well informed about us.

It goes without saying, of course, that the South American universities, since they carry on the tradition of Latin civilization, give more attention than we do to the Greek and Roman literatures, and teach more diligently those works which first articulated the humanities and the humanistic philosophy. It may be that only a small proportion of each generation has the privilege of being exposed to this sound education, and of this small proportion there may be some who do not make the best use of their opportunities. This may be true of them, I say, since it is true of us. But in comparing the culture of different countries it is fair to bring together the same economic and cultural groups.

You, dear readers, are graduates of what we call liberal colleges. Most of you, then, have been studying the humanities. The South American boy with his diploma in the humanities will wish to see how your command of Greek and Latin compares with his. Besides those languages he usually can speak French and Spanish, perhaps Portuguese and Italian. Yet if you and he can communicate at all, it will probably be because he also can speak English. His opinion of you won't be unkind or supercilious, but he will be puzzled that you, a student of the humanities, hope to know your fellow men without being able to converse with them. It is as though you joined the water polo team with no intention of learning to swim.

No doubt I am making the contrast too sharp, and at your expense. I ought to give you at least one instance of my own ignorance and maladroitness. The first time I saw a public school in Argentina I thought I detected some resemblances to our own northern system in the arrangement of the grades, in the methods of teaching, most of all in the spirit of the classroom. I was told that what I noticed was the influence of Sarmiento. I asked who was Sarmiento, and what did he do? No other question could have disqualified a northern educator more completely. Domingo

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Faustino Sarmiento was President of Argentina from 1868 to 1874, a very great President indeed, but it might be expected that teachers or scholars or intellectuals from our country would know him best as an inspired educator, the friend and disciple of Horace Mann. In youth he happened on the autobiography of Benjamin Franklin, which implanted in him an admiration for the United States. In middle life he came to Massachusetts to study at close range over a period of several years Horace Mann's reform of public education. While in the north on this educational errand he was elected President of Argentina. He took back with him a number of young school teachers and administrators whom Horace Mann had trained, and with their aid he put into the Argentine school system the best ideas he had found among us. Today, though the universities of Argentina follow European models, the schools, because of Sarmiento, follow Horace Mann. My Argentine friends thought with reason that I might have heard of this. I did not excuse myself. It would have been a little shabby to explain that most of my colleagues are as ignorant of South America as I. Besides, it would only have added to that *nemesis*, that low opinion which too often we have provoked among our neighbors and too often have deserved.

When we in the United States cease to build our philosophy on *aidos* alone, and recover our respect for *nemesis*, we shall study in a new and profitable light the literature of the various South American countries. Do we assume that all the worth-while writing on this continent is done above the northern boundary of Mexico? In Argentina, in Uruguay, in Brazil, in Chile, in Colombia, in Mexico, there are a host of writers who have among their own peoples a large and growing audience, and who are of immediate concern to us because their work shows to what an extent the humane philosophy persists among South and Central Americans.

South American books are more thoughtful than ours. In wartime, or whenever we are moved by a cause, we become serious, yet even then rarely thoughtful. It is not characteristic of us to study any question from both sides. The tone of our North American writing is usually cheerful, often exuberant, even mili-

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tantly triumphant. But it is possible for a book to be extremely thoughtful, yet at the same time satirical or light. *Candide* is an example. It is possible also for a writer to look for truth, not in his own convictions but in the universe, and it is possible for him to be humble about this knowledge of the universe. This is the mood of *Ecclesiastes*, of Greek literature, of the French romantic writers who, following close after the Revolution, knew the tragic upshot of some of man's best hopes and ideals.

In practically all the South American countries the literary mood derives from the Greek and Latin classics and from the French romantics. Among young authors there may be a tendency to follow our example, to think less about life in general and more about what concerns the particular moment and the particular place, but the bulk of the writing is still in the broad tradition. It has a wistful note, it is a little melancholy, it is thoughtful, often profoundly so. But South American writers wish their thinking to end in action. They believe with the Greeks that both thought and action are necessary.

Respect for *nemesis*, for the general opinion of mankind, leads to the search for universal values. It encourages the ability to deal with general ideas. *Aidos* by itself has no general ideas; self-respect is concerned with only one personality at a time. That is why the literature which grows out of the exclusive cultivation of *aidos* is usually cheerful. For us in the United States general ideas are difficult. We have them, of course, in business, but our general ideas about life are few and insecure.

Because South American writers are preoccupied with the search for universal truth, they frequently express themselves in aphorisms. In 1940 Josefina de Blixen published a book of this kind called *Cristalizaciones*, isolated thoughts.

> Friendship between the two sexes is more often than not only love about to be, or love dying. . . . To renounce pleasure is for some of us to discover the pleasure of renunciation. . . . Honesty is for the poor a heroic virtue; for the rich, a virtue deluxe. . . . In coquetry there is a lively desire to please and a vague desire to hurt. . . . The artist creates, as a believer prays, to strengthen his faith and to give peace to his soul. . . . To create or accept a system is to create or accept a limitation. . . . The dead are those who give life to the past.

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I wouldn't say that writing of this kind represents all South American literature. For contrast certain novels come to mind, occupied, as novels should be, with a story, with characters and with plot. Below the equator life is dramatic as well as thoughtful. Without wishing to stress unduly the mood of reflection, I quote from this book of aphorisms to sound as emphatically as possible a characteristic note.

Another example is *Don Segundo Sombra* — "Don Segundo, the Shadow." This famous novel, the masterpiece of Ricardo Guiraldes, can be described as a gaucho story, an account of the lonely plainsman, slowly driven off by the encroachments of an industrial and urban civilization. But it is more than this; it is a parable of man revisiting his soul. A young boy, brought up in modern sophistication, meets the gaucho, Don Segundo, is fascinated by him, and for years shares his life in the saddle, tending herds. He learns some of Don Segundo's insights into nature and human nature; he acquires from him a sense of the mystery of all existence, that mystery which is felt close to earth and weather, stars and sun, among dumb creatures upon whom man looks down until he learns their ways, embarrassingly like his own, and at last comes to value their companionship. The boy in the story acquires what Wordsworth called the education of nature; then, inheriting the family fortune, he returns home to administer it. But he is haunted; having had one glimpse of the spirit which animates this revolving globe, trees and grass and all creatures, he walks for the remainder of his days in a dream. Don Segundo in retrospect is for him a phantom, a shadow, an idea even more than a person. From page to page the story is actual and realistic; Don Segundo always has his feet on the ground, he pokes fun at poetic legends and ghost stories, he indulges in no overt philosophizing, he minds his business and sticks to fact. But the significance of the book is in the moods which he creates and the thoughts which he compels.

We cannot afford to ignore this contrast between South American and North American literature, between the strength of the humanistic tradition there and the feebleness of it here. South Americans are aware of the difference. If we have regard

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for *nemesis*, respect for the opinion of mankind, we ought to know at least the one book in which the contrast is emphatically noticed. It is an outstanding book; every educated person in South America is familiar with it, and so far as I can learn, everyone agrees with it. It is the classic statement of their opinion of the United States. I refer to *Ariel*, the little book or essay by José Rodó, published in 1900, translated here, very badly translated, many years later, and still almost unknown among us.

The ideas of *Ariel* are cast in the form of a farewell address, delivered by an old professor at the close of the term. Rodó was speaking to America at the moment when, like graduating students, this new world of ours, in the South or in the North, was about to meet sobering disillusions. The address was a plea to youth to be young as long as possible. The experiences which crowd upon each other in early years can be profitably absorbed because the mind and the heart at that stage are not over-full. But as the years come and go many of us reach a point of saturation. Though we are far from knowing all there is to learn, we have taken on all that we can handle. Then, as the saying is, we settle down. Having settled down, we fall out of the procession, we slip back. While we were young, each experience suggested further horizons. After we've settled down, experience, however satisfying in its familiar repetitions, suggests nothing more.

Has the human race evolved so far that the brain and the heart are overtaxed holding on to what has been conquered, with no energy or imagination to push on? So think some pessimists, but poets like Rodó believe there is a technique of infinite progress which man, if he will make the effort, may acquire. When we are young, experience kindles our imagination, whether or not we wish it to do so. As we age, we must see to it that no experience is uncriticized, that we extract all the significance from whatever we do, from whatever life does to us; we must see to it that we do not repeat experiences which have no significance.

The teacher who makes the farewell address in *Ariel* uses Shakespeare's *Tempest* as a philosophical springboard. He opposes Ariel and Caliban as symbols of what, in the philosophy of the humanities, is success and failure. Caliban, so interpreted, is not

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an uncouth creature; he stands for all of us, for you and me in our fatigued and unimaginative condition. We may have won for ourselves, as we say, a competence, a respected place in society, an affectionate and well-behaved family — but if we see nothing beyond and are content not to see, if we do not still feel that we are beginning to live, if we actually pride ourselves on our disposition to preserve our little world unchanged, safely pickled — then we are Caliban. In Shakespeare's play, Caliban carries in the firewood, fetches water, does those tasks which are menial because they are repetitious and for him mean nothing. Ferdinand the Prince, who also does some log-carrying, finds joy in the imposed task, since it is earning for him his love, Miranda. But the proper contrast to Caliban is Ariel, who by his services to Prospero earns his freedom. Ariel's tasks bring him this reward, that they make him more of a spirit than he was, gradually more disembodied, at last pure significance.

The modern world, Rodó fears, has so much necessary work to do that it may, through spiritual weariness, be content to do its tasks well without reflecting upon them, without asking what they mean, without discriminating between the profound and the shallow. The modern world, he warns, is in danger of becoming Caliban by devoting itself exclusively to utilitarian occupations. The United States, being further advanced in mechanical skills and most preoccupied with utilitarian values, is in the greatest danger.

He was an admirer of the United States but he feared the tendencies he saw in us. South America fears those tendencies today. Those fears constitute what the Greeks would call our *nemesis*. The indictment is difficult to answer. Many of us, quite as much as our neighbors in the south, are disturbed by our own control of the physical world and our comparative inadequacy in the world of humane thought and spiritual imagination.

In Rodó's city there was a remarkable poet, perhaps the most distinguished South America has produced, Juan Zorrilla de San Martín. Some ten years after *Ariel* was written, San Martín published an essay called *Ariel y Caliban Americanos*, which we might translate as "Ariel and Caliban, Americans Both." San

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Martín reminded Rodó that the Americas — South, Central, and North — differed chiefly in degree, that it was a mistake to think of them as altogether separate peoples, that it was a further error to contrast the culture of Europe with the culture of any part of the new world, that the United States of Europe, of which men were then speaking, was a dream which probably would be achieved first in the new world, in a federation, both economic and cultural if not political, of migrated Europeans and children of Europeans.

I admire the generosity of San Martín and the sweep of his hope, but I can't agree with him that there is so slight a difference between the state of the humanities in North and in South America. Better for us to be modest and learn. Our country has achieved little in comparison with what remains for us to do. The philosophy of the humanities represents a peak in man's long attempt to improve himself. It is a difficult philosophy, rarely achieved, and seldom sustained for more than a short time. The greatness of the Athenian Greeks came to a sudden end as they relaxed and abandoned their noble self-discipline. The founders of our country, a remarkable galaxy, laid down the principles of government for us according to this philosophy, but their successors soon tended to depart from it. Yet faith in the doctrine of the humanities persists. The world today, in spite of much evil, is rich in good will. There are kind neighbors waiting to know us better. We need to know them. We might seek them out in order to learn; in certain precious matters we might be ready to sit at their feet. We might, indeed, if we care what men hereafter will think of us.

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Cities in Flux

A Challenge to the Postwar Planners

Catherine Bauer

"NO," said my young cousin, "when John comes home I don't think he'll go back to his old job. We've always talked about moving somewhere else, and this is the time to do it. We've thought about North Carolina, I don't know exactly why, and we might even wind up in California."

Here is another example of what you can hear any day, from a Boeing worker in Seattle: "I don't know just what we'll do. Probably won't go back to farming, though, at least not the kind we came from. I guess we'll just stick around here a while and see what turns up. There ought to be some kind of a future out in this new country."

By the end of the war, fourteen or fifteen million civilians will have left their former homes and moved to entirely different localities, where there may or may not be jobs available later on. Millions more have shifted their place of employment from one part of an area to another, frequently on the outskirts and inconvenient from their present homes. Eleven million men and women will be in the armed forces, the vast majority with no definite job in sight to bring them back to the exact spot they left. Many army and navy wives have already broken home ties to follow their men.

All in all, one-quarter to one-sixth of our population are in a state of flux, physically and psychologically. If you ask them where they expect to be five years from now, they shrug their shoulders. When the soldiers stream down the gang-planks to meet their wives and fiancées, the central question for some twenty to thirty million people will be: Where do we go from here? On their decisions, and the preparations made for those decisions, will hinge the future welfare and efficiency of the nation.

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Whether people go back whence they came, stay where they find themselves, or move on somewhere else, depends on how they reconcile their answers to two different questions: Where can we best make a living? And also, where would we *like* to live?

The relative weight of these two questions varies. In a period of depression and insecurity economic determinism of a crude sort is likely to operate. People will go where they know they won't starve, even if it means congestion or isolation, shacks or trailer camps or tenements, relief rolls or hopeless farming on worn-out soil. But if we maintain a fairly high level of employment and economic security — as we can and must — personal preferences and qualitative judgments will have great influence on the choice of future homes. Wartime prosperity offers concrete evidence on this. Hundreds of plants offering relatively high wages are still seriously short-handed: the incentive of substantially higher monetary income is not enough to outweigh the fear of inadequate housing or school facilities.

Must we resign ourselves to a long period of social instability, of wasteful trekking back and forth across the country? Or can the redistribution of population and employment be guided in the interest of national prosperity, social progress, and constructive individual freedom? Most crises contain germs of opportunity as well as danger. Perhaps our very fluidity and uncertainty in the postwar period will help to speed up the creation of a far more stable and healthy pattern of material production and human environment than we ever had before.

These recent movements of civilian population are no temporary phenomena, to be erased by equal movements in reverse once the war is over. No region and no community can expect to return to the *status quo* of 1939, any more than to that of 1929. The waves of immigration and emigration dislocating the country today reflect, on the whole, trends and forces that have been operating over a long period. The wartime increase in production and the breakdown of inertia and tradition have simply speeded them up. If these strong inherent forces are now belatedly recognized and guided toward fresh and positive goals, we can have a great renascence. We can reconstruct both city and countryside

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to fulfill, at long last, the needs and promise of modern life. But if they are ignored or futilely combatted, only chaos and waste are likely to result.

Increasing urbanization is one of the normal currents quickened by the war. Five or six million people have moved from open country and villages into metropolitan districts since 1940. W. F. Ogburn says: "A million three hundred fifty thousand left the farms in 1941, which was three times the departures of 1939." Only a severe and protracted depression, however, will take any large number of them back to rural pursuits, and no constructive policy can be founded on any such premise. Urbanization is still roughly equivalent to economic progress in a country of continental proportions, because the relative number of people required to produce an abundantly adequate food supply grows smaller and smaller, while the proportion of manufactured goods and services consumed grows constantly larger as the standard of living rises.

Even if wartime food requirements were to continue indefinitely, the current shortage of agricultural labor would soon be eliminated by technological progress alone. At most, only a small proportion of those who have left rural areas for war industry or the army will ever really be *needed* there again. And, conversely, few people trained for skilled work in industry and used to good wages will want to return to the isolation and subsistence standards all too frequently associated with farming as a "way of life" — unless unemployment and desperation force them to make such a choice. Indeed, the real "parity" in wages and living standards that would result from cutting down the traditional surplus of agricultural labor can be one of the healthiest corollaries of full urban employment, despite the difficult adjustments it would entail in food prices and in factory-farming and share-cropping methods.

There should be shifts in rural population, of course. But no general "Back to the Land" movement can be part of a truly progressive postwar policy, in spite of the sentimental appeal such a program can always have in a country still nostalgic for its lost frontier.

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Urbanization is not, however, an unmixed blessing — even when the economic machine is humming along at top-rate efficiency. Big cities in civilized countries all over the world have one organic weakness in common. Underneath their great show of vitality and material progress they are physically sterile. They do not reproduce themselves and usually depend on immigration from the more fertile rural areas or "backward" foreign countries to maintain even a constant population.

This is no argument against birth control. We cannot go back to accidental conception any more than we can go back to frontier farms. But perhaps it is a warning that we must create an urban *milieu* more favorable and attractive to family life, an environment in which it is easier for a woman to have several children without sacrificing her hard-won freedom and equality and to give all the children just as many "advantages" as an only child might have had. Otherwise we can look forward to a day when the values created and defended by our western world will be superseded by an entirely different set imposed on our sparse heirs, for better or worse, by entirely different people.

What does this mean in concrete terms? Better housing, certainly, for the cliff dwellers as well as for the slum dwellers — and not merely "minimum standards" that sacrifice space and privacy to better plumbing. A private garden for every family that wants one, and not at the expense of hours of travel to work or shops. Universal health service of the highest quality, particularly for mothers and small children. Facilities for group care of children. More human contact with village and countryside, not only for health and pleasure, but also because rural culture is still close enough to simple reality to preserve the ideal of fruitfulness in human beings as well as in the soil.

Another facet of urbanization, the implications of which must be honestly faced, is the industrial revolution in the West and South. While eastern and mid-western cities have, on the average, barely replaced with immigrant civilians their men who are serving in the armed forces, the cities of the Pacific Coast, the Gulf Coast, the South Atlantic, and the great southern river valleys

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CHANGES IN CIVILIAN POPULATION

APRIL 1, 1940, TO MARCH 1, 1943

All statistics derived from a report issued October 31, 1943, by the U. S. Bureau of the Census, entitled: *Estimates of the Civilian Population of the United States, by Counties: March 1, 1943*

COUNTIES OUTSIDE METROPOLITAN AREAS *			REGIONS	METROPOLITAN COUNTIES *		
Each unit = net loss □ of 100,000 civilians	% change since '40	Pop. '40 (000's)	(Census grouping)	Pop. '40 (000's)	% change since '40	Each unit = net gain ■ or loss □ of 100,000 civilians
□ (−122,000)	− 6.3%	1,953	NEW ENGLAND Me., Mass., N. H., R. I. Vt., Conn.	6,468	− 2.4%	□ ⊏ (−157,000)
□ □ □ □ (−382,000)	− 6.9%	5,550	MID-ATLANTIC N. Y., Pa., N. J.	21,944	− 3.9%	□ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ ⊏ (−866,000)
□ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ (−790,000)	− 6.6%	11,902	E. NO. CENTRAL Ohio, Mich., Ind., Wis., Ill.	14,697	+ 1.9%	■ ■ ▮ (+272,000)
□ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ (−1,127,000)	−12.9%	8,734	W. NO. CENTRAL Minn., N. D., Iowa, S. D., Mo., Neb., Kan.	4,762	+ 1.2%	▮ (+59,000)
⊏ □ □ □ □ □ (−560,000)	− 4.7%	11,923	SO. ATLANTIC Del., N. C., Md., S. C., D. C., Va., Ga., Fla., W. Va.	5,800	+13.6%	■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ (+791,000)
□ □ □ □ □ □ □ (−700,000)	− 8.2%	8,486	E. SO. CENTRAL Ky., Ala., Tenn., Miss.	2,277	+ 9.4%	■ ■ (+213,000)
□ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ (−811,000)	− 8.5%	9,550	W. SO. CENTRAL Ark., Okla., La., Texas	3,468	+11.3%	■ ■ ■ ■ (+390,000)
⊏ □ (−172,000)	− 5.2%	3,286	MOUNTAIN Mont., N. M., Idaho, Ariz., Wyo., Utah, Colo., Nev.	847	+ 8.4%	▮ (+73,000)
⊏ (−51,000)	− 1.6%	3,132	PACIFIC Wash., Ore., Calif.	6,544	+12.9%	■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ▮ (+847,000)

* "Metropolitan counties," as used by the Census Bureau, include cities of 50,000 or more plus the urbanized counties around them. "Counties outside metropolitan areas," therefore, include smaller cities as well as villages and rural areas.

NOTE: To show the metropolitan drift in the United States as a whole, the following may be quoted from the Census report referred to above: "Although the total civilian population has been reduced by 2.4% since 1940 as a result of the increase in the armed forces, the civilian population in the 237 metropolitan counties, which contain more than half the Nation's civilian population, has increased 2.4%. The remaining counties, of which there are more than 2,800, decreased 7.3% in civilian population." Or, to state it another way, the proportion of civilian population living in metropolitan counties increased from 50.9% in 1940 to 53.3% in 1943.

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have spurted ahead — in war contracts, in manufacturing volume, and in urban population. The volume of this migration may be seen on the chart.

The numerous army camps in these areas do stimulate evanescent booms in adjacent towns, of course. And all ports have special significance in this global war. With all due allowance for purely wartime factors, however, it is still true that the trek of industry and industrial population to the West and South is no temporary freak. Instead, it marks the rapid acceleration of long-term trends essential to the nation's social and economic progress.

The impoverished feudalism of the South has been a drag on the whole country. More industry, more nearly equal wage rates, and higher local consuming power are the only basic remedies. Western agriculture has been less backward technically, but socially too irresponsible even to merit the epithet "feudal." This irresponsibility, immortalized by Steinbeck and McWilliams, stems in large part from the fact that it is essentially a "colonial" type of enterprise, highly speculative because it depends on unstable faddish export markets without the steady backlog of a large local consumer population and local industry. In short, a better balanced economy is needed in both regions, and the war has done much to further such a balance, temporarily at least. Potential trade with South America and the Orient is an additional factor.

The national interest therefore requires that the new industrial activity in the South and West shall not only continue but must expand still further after the war. Stated thus generally, few will disagree. But heroic faith and farsighted measures will be necessary if a period of extreme dislocation is to be avoided. Few of the huge new war plants can be easily changed over to full peacetime production. In most western and many southern cities now rolling out ships by the hundreds and airplanes by the thousands it's not merely a question (as in Detroit, for example) of returning to some definite type of peacetime production, held in cold storage for the duration. There's nothing of any scale to go back to. Plants, equipment, capital, management, and labor not needed any longer for munitions must, if they are to be employed at all,

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devise entirely new products, markets, and distributing mechanism. At best this will take time — not months but probably years. What will happen in the meantime?

Will California have enough faith in her industrial future to recognize that this vast new pool of skilled labor is her greatest asset, and enough political-economic ingenuity to keep these workers alive and busy until peacetime employment opportunities catch up? Or will she have another wave of provincial hysteria, see "Okies" and "Arkies" and "communists" under the bed once more, and try to shoo everyone back where he came from, by crude force if necessary? Will southern employers urge their Congressmen to concentrate on measures (better freight rates, for instance) that might permit them to pay standard wages and still sell peacetime products at a profit, or will they renew the fruitless battle against collective bargaining and minimum wage regulations and civil liberties?

The necessary faith and flexibility are not all on the receiving end in this development of new industrial frontiers. Sooner or later, with the population of the country as a whole approaching stability, any substantial increase in other regions must mean decline in some of the older eastern industrial centers. Barely visible in the last census, this likelihood is much clearer today. The metropolitan areas of New England and the Middle Atlantic states are the only ones with an average net loss in civilian population since 1940. Some or all of this loss will doubtless be made up in the immediate reshuffle after the war, but it may be lost again, and still more, later on.

The only tragic or alarming thing in this situation is the fact that there are so many people who, still possessed by the childish megalomania of the nineteenth century, believe that "Bigger" is synonymous with "Better." At any suggestion that their "home town" may not continue to grow, they immediately envision an abandoned ghost-town with the wind whistling through the cracks in Radio City. Which is nonsense.

In any conceivable future organization of society there will be solid reasons for big, prosperous, and internationally important cities where New York, Boston, Philadelphia, and the other

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eastern metropolitan centers now are. And, with the energy and attention applied to orderly reconstruction and improvement that once were devoted solely to disorderly expansion, they can be much more efficient and handsome communities than they ever dreamed of being in their booming adolescence. But a price must be paid, and a great psychological change experienced. Every drop of purely speculative hope must be wrung out: property values must be reduced to actual use-values in a stable modern community before the job can even really be started. Costly congestion and the commuters' daily sardine-pack must be eliminated, or the competition of more open and better organized cities may prove fatal.

It will be a hard road at first. But the cities that face the new facts of life boldly instead of trying, as Lewis Mumford says, "to apply the methods appropriate to a period of expansion to a social order that must be devoted to the contrary task of stabilization," will be, not failures, but pioneers. Sooner or later all cities must confront the crisis of maturity: stabilization, and competition by qualitative rather than quantitative standards.

The path has already been broken. Within the past few months an official Plan for London County has been published which proposes that the population shall be reduced — in the interests of both the nation and the citizens of London. The concrete suggestions are not particularly bold, but the viewpoint is revolutionary in the history of modern cities.

Decentralization within metropolitan areas is the third basic trend which, speeded up by the war, must now be seriously faced. For generations people have been scrambling over each others' backs toward fresh air and a "better neighborhood" and the freedom of private homes and gardens. Automobiles and the growing taste for outdoor life turned the movement into a stampede. Industry moved to the outskirts for equally cogent reasons. Both have been frustrated more often than not in their original purpose as urban congestion and confusion rolled out to engulf them. But the outward drift, the "explosion" of the old center, nevertheless persists.

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For twenty years before 1940, the largest rate of growth was in sub-centers, or districts just outside the corporate limits of big cities. Many of the latter actually lost population in the last decade, and began to view with some concern vacancies and tax delinquency, spreading circles of blight and decay left behind in the suburban rush and apparently dead to all improvement by traditional methods. Some regarded with a calculating eye thriving industries and wealthy estates and solid householders beyond the tax limits. Would this magical new phrase, "Urban Redevelopment," coined by desperate central property owners, bring them back again?

But here again there is no return to the *status quo* of an earlier day. Twenty billion dollars worth of streamlined modern war plants have been built, almost doubling the value of industrial plants in the country. Some may be unsuited to peacetime production, but the majority are more likely to be fully used in the future than are the older factories. Where are they? Not in old city centers nor yet in isolated small towns, but for the most part on the outskirts of metropolitan areas. This means that the industrial pattern is pretty much set for some time to come. Decentralization has had a shock which postwar progress in transportation will further augment. It's too late, if indeed it ever was possible, to think of "saving" the old city centers in their congested nineteenth-century form. A regional organism is striving for birth, with centers and sub-centers and open areas permanently differentiated for varied functions, much more complex and refined than the amoeba-like nineteenth-century city and hence requiring more discipline and conscious purpose.

No metropolitan region can afford to drift along as it has in the past. If a postwar building boom follows the line of least resistance, not only will central areas begin to look as if they had been intentionally bombed out, but the surrounding countryside will be ruined too. (It's blighted already in the larger cities.) Instead of productive market gardens, natural recreation spots, and pleasant villages, there will be a huge gray amorphous blob of suburbs, without community integration, without adequate breathing space between built-up areas, without sensible relation

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between homes and work places. And for miles beyond, good farm land will continue to be cut up into prospective building lots whether they are needed or not.

The central ruin can come just as rapidly and completely in metropolitan districts still gaining population (witness Los Angeles), while the blight of open country can continue almost as fast in areas where a net population loss may be expected. In both cases, it comes from general dissatisfaction with conditions at the center, not from quantitative pressure of population on housing.

Positive measures are required, but measures that face reality. There's no use trying to "bring back" the industries that have moved out, or the workers in those industries. The city center must, instead, concentrate its energies on improving those truly metropolitan functions that remain centralized and are now its prime reason for existence: offices for business and government, major commercial and transport facilities, sophisticated amusements, cultural activities that must serve a large population, the best equipped hospitals and professional services. A *central* airport linked up to railroads and local rapid transit, might well replace many blocks of slum and blight. Real urbanity and convenience instead of congestion, real distinction other than mere size, are the only qualities that can save the old centers.

As for residential use, that depends in the long run on the boldness and realism of the city fathers. Even with proper spacing including a park belt, the essential metropolitan functions may occupy only a fraction of the area now covered by obsolete and obsolescent homes. A few of those who work "downtown" will have to live nearby. And there will doubtless always be other groups that prefer, on any terms, the cosmopolitan variety and anonymity of the metropolitan heart. But the vast majority of average families will choose to live in the center only on one basic condition: it must compete successfully with the space and air and privacy and amenity and relative cheapness of the suburban communities. This means, in cold, hard fact, complete replanning and reconstruction, including drastic downward revaluation, of entire districts now occupied by dreary tenements and flats, narrow old houses, and the abandoned mansions of another

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era. For the city speculator and land exploiter have lost forever the power to set urban living standards.

Viewed in this light, most of the currently publicized urban redevelopment proposals are indefensible. Practically all of them, including the Stuyvesant Village project that Metropolitan Life wants to bestow on New York in the guise of a monumental civic benefit, call for both increased density *and* far higher rentals than exist on the present sites. In the long run such projects can only multiply the blight and delay initiation of sound policies.

The most essential immediate step, as a matter of fact, is the reshaping and protection and delimitation of outlying districts. Postwar building is bound to start there in any case, and every day we postpone that job it becomes more difficult and expensive. On the other hand, even a short delay in comprehensive central reconstruction will tend to bring down inflated property prices. Federal aid for public acquisition of blighted areas will be necessary, but not with the prime purpose of bailing out mistaken landlords at present prices, and certainly not without more effective controls than the Thomas and Wagner Bills provide.

One stumbling block, clearly, is the form of local government. Most large urban areas are made up of scores of communities in different counties and even different states, jealously and zealously independent. All statistical and economic analysis already disregards these boundaries. Obviously, sooner or later, the entire metropolitan region including surrounding farmland and recreational areas must be unified for such specific purposes as overall land-use controls, transportation and communication, major public works, and taxation. At the same time a much larger share of the cost of local government must come from sources other than the property tax. It will be a long slow job. But there is one prerequisite that should begin to operate now: full public recognition by the old central city that it has lost certain functions forever and is henceforth just as dependent on its satellites as they on it. Instead of battling bitterly with its offspring for industry and resident population, it must assume responsible whole-hearted leadership — economic and financial, social and cultural and civic — on behalf of the region as a whole.

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Another potential factor in population redistribution that may have been indirectly strengthened in the war period is the possible development of new cities entirely outside existing metropolitan areas.

When the textile industry was setting up mills in isolated southern communities, pessimists predicted that cheap electricity and the automobile would result in a general dispersion of industry to small towns and rural areas. Time has not, however, borne out this forecast. Once it was demonstrated that even the most feudal company town was not proof against labor organization or higher wages, the advantages of real urban centers, offering varied skills and market facilities, reasserted themselves. And the disadvantages, higher taxes and greater congestion, were at least postponed by establishing new industries on the outskirts. Only a few scattered war plants have been located in sparsely populated districts, and those usually for purely military reasons. They constitute no real problem for future planning.

There are nevertheless a number of influences that may in a period of flux promote, *not* wholesale dispersion, but *re*centralization of some industry and population in new cities of fairly substantial size. Expanding light metal production will be seeking huge quantities of cheap electricity while on the other hand the war has multiplied power facilities, frequently in regions hitherto undeveloped. Plastics will require a variety of raw materials for which there has hitherto been little industrial demand. Basic changes in the transportation pattern may be expected, not only from technological progress in automobiles and airplanes, but also from the long-delayed redesign of rail routes, highways, and airport facilities. Air travel can conceivably make a small city two hundred miles away just as convenient to a large metropolitan center for many purposes as any of its immediate satellites are at the present time.

Such factors, and many more, may create an opportunity for substantial urban communities in entirely new regions. The great Central Valley of California, almost purely agricultural now, but soon to be served by cheap electricity from Shasta and Friant Dams, is one such possibility. In the Northwest the Columbia

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River, with its tremendous resources for power and irrigation, is perhaps an even better example.

As popular interest in the comparative *quality* of urban environment increases, this may well give a boost to the planned development of new cities. Dissatisfaction with the dreary inefficiency pervading present cities, the rigidity with which their obsolete shells resist even the most obviously necessary progress, has already transformed the venerable English Garden City movement into a powerful spearhead for British postwar planning — with perhaps less economic justification than there would be here. The idea of starting with a piece of bare land and building a complete community that would facilitate rather than impede the Good Life has attracted philosophers and politicians and technical men alike ever since More wrote his *Utopia*. Perhaps today, through development corporations in which private and public enterprise would coöperate, it may actually prove feasible.

The number of such cities, either entirely new or consciously developed from existing small towns, would probably not be large. But their usefulness as civic laboratories to create and test a modern environment worthy of our resources and knowledge, and as a stimulus to old cities in their difficult job of *re*form, would be tremendous.

All these movements of people and productive activity that the war has quickened — the urban drift, the industrial development of the South and West, decentralization, the possibility of entirely new urban centers — are clearly interlocking. If I have repeated myself, it has been to emphasize that different paths lead to the same points: Better instead of Bigger; stabilization rather than expansion; the evolution of cities from simple agglomerations to regional organisms.

But the paths won't lead to these points automatically. There is no inexorable fate or natural law, for what we are concerned with is the voluntary movement of people and human activities, not glaciers or meteors.

Planning and positive action, both in government and industry, are obviously needed, and some of the instruments basic to a

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sound policy can be defined quite specifically:

1. Comprehensive plans, prepared locally but coördinated at the national level, to assure a sound and flexible pattern of production, distribution, and employment for every region.
2. Master land-use plans for every region, metropolitan or rural, based on rational population estimates and a realistic analysis of the productive and social economy of the area.
3. Local land-use controls, including the enforcement of lower densities in most central districts, the power to prevent building of any kind in certain areas, and regulations to eliminate substandard or "nonconforming" uses.
4. Local public land acquisition in blighted *and* outlying areas to permit replanning, revaluation, and neighborhood protection. Federal subsidies may be required, but only subject to certain conditions to protect the public interest. Where entirely new communities are contemplated all the land should be publicly purchased and held; a stable economy cannot afford land speculation.
5. A comprehensive housing policy to bring new homes within easy reach of all income groups in every community, by private enterprise insofar as possible, but by public and coöperative initiative wherever necessary. (Such a policy, incidentally, has already been roughly established to meet the emergency housing needs of war workers.)
6. A long-term public works program, with Federal aid conditioned on the existence of sound regional development plans.
7. Revision of the local tax base, because real estate cannot continue to carry its present lion's share of the cost of local government.
8. Regional coöperation and increasing coördination among all units of local government.

But these are merely instruments that can be used well or ill, and the number and variety of outside factors involved is far too vast to be coördinated by a handful of new laws or administrators. "More experts with more power" is by no means the whole answer.

The future shape of each and every city will be determined, in actual fact, neither by Fate, experts, agencies, nor laws, but by a multitude of human decisions — decisions made at every level of business, government, and society, and only rarely by people who think they are making plans or influencing cities.

Power and freight rates; the attitudes of corporations, trade associations, financial institutions, and labor unions; disposal policies for government-built war plants and housing; the initiative and imagination of individual manufacturers; minimum wage

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standards and health services and social security measures; the standard of demand for houses and urban facilities that gradually crystallizes from individual hopes and expectations — all these factors and many more will determine whether the redistribution of population is progressive or regressive, whether it merely multiplies old problems, or promotes creative modern solutions.

It would be quite impossible, even if we wanted to, to *gleichschalten* everyone who will play a part in making these decisions. The question for our continental democracy is: Will there be a thread of fresh and positive purpose, some literally *common* sense of what it means to live in a world that must stabilize itself or rapidly decline? Can our traditional vitality proceed from the test of war to new ideas and standards of achievement? Or will it exhaust itself trying to embalm an outworn shell?

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Do Not Dismember Europe!

Albert Guérard

ASIA and Africa are but geographical expressions; Europe is a reality. In race and climate, it is far more homogeneous than the British Commonwealth or the United States. From the same point of view, and from the linguistic and religious as well, it is far less divided than India or the Soviet Union. If these vast groups have any life in them, it is possible for Europe to live.

Without a Europe at peace, the earth will never know peace. Trouble that flares up in Bosnia or Danzig is bound to spread to the very ends of the world. And Europe alone can keep Europe at peace. No other power would be equal to that responsibility.

It is axiomatic that America will not, for any length of time, police the European continent. This is not a relapse into isolationism: it is common sense. We refuse to be drawn into the ancient squabbles of the rival nations. If we were foolish enough to undertake the impossible task, the sole result would be to unite all Europe against us, without assuaging its feuds: Europe would become a more fractious India. Our sole aim should be to favor in Europe an order that will be self-sustaining.

If we decline the responsibility, who could assume it? Not Great Britain, whose resources would be inadequate and who does not possess the vast reserves of good will that are still ours. Not Russia: Europe, more populous than Russia, with an older culture and a more perfect technique, would not submit to a Muscovite protectorate, especially since a Russianized Europe would have to be a Bolshevized Europe, with Communism imposed by the sword. A Europe jointly controlled by Russia and England — a scheme which at present is something more than a mere shadow — would be so torn between antagonistic tendencies that it would soon be a battlefield again.

Europe cannot be kept at peace from within through the

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supremacy of a single great power. France was reluctantly driven into such a position of leadership after the last war, when the League was left powerless and Britain refused to ratify the Geneva Protocol. It was a very unhappy story. France incurred the hatred of Germany, the jealousy of Italy, the hostility of the United States. England did her best to sap that precarious French hegemony, and the French themselves, discouraged, gave it up for the selfish and delusive security of the Maginot Line. As for German rule, it is being tried out at present, and all our efforts are devoted to its destruction.

What remains? A Balance of Power, the good old policy of the Classical Age, from Francis I down to Talleyrand and Metternich? It has been the cause of every great war in Europe. As soon as one of the parties gathers strength, its rivals must combine to bring it low.

Yet most of the elaborate plans which are constantly evolved hark back to that hoary and unholy delusion. Some believe they can stabilize the situation by hardening the shifting combinations of great powers and satellites into three, four, or five *blocs* or Federations. Excellent authorities like President Beneš refuse to look beyond this conception. Most of the proposed Federations would be absolutely unnatural. When people speak, for instance, of a "Latin" group (the feeble dream of Vichy), they forget that France is separated from her Latin "sisters" by the highest and most rugged mountains in Europe, whereas between Northern France and Germany there are — alas! — no obstacles; that Paris belongs to the same world as London, Brussels, or Cologne, and not to the sunny Mediterranean; that every educated man in France knows either English or German, but not necessarily Italian or Spanish.

A "Federation" headed by Germany is no Federation at all: it is a Greater Germany, with reluctant satellites. A Federation of medium states is a loose bundle of broken reeds. On the map and in statistical tables, the Little Entente looked like a Great Power. In reality, it had strength only so long as it acted as part of the French system. A Danubian Federation, a Balkan Federation, would group together elements that are as diverse and as

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hostile as any you could find from the North Cape to the Straits of Gibraltar.

Instead of hoping vaguely for a Federation of European States in the remote future, why not start from the central fact of European unity, leaving local problems for later consideration? A United Europe is the only way of refusing to settle, at the worst possible time, the perplexing, the insoluble problem of national frontiers. We ought to have learnt that Wilsonian self-determination, a great ideal, cannot be translated into an intelligible map of Europe, even if the map were drawn by the most learned and most disinterested experts. The perfect national frontier, in which the boundaries of speech, religion, tradition, economic interests, all coincide, simply does not exist on the Continent. You will never make sense out of the Sudeten, Pomorze, Upper Silesia, Transylvania, Temesvar, Macedonia. The remedy is not accurate partition, but mutual tolerance. Absurd frontiers may grow tolerable through long acceptance; but the two world wars have shattered all traditions. There is no happy *status quo ante bellum* to which we can return: Europe was seething with discords in 1914, in 1919, and in 1939. Do not attempt that crazy jigsaw puzzle again: this way madness lies.

There are, therefore, in Central and Eastern Europe no undisputed frontiers that can be restored without raising worse difficulties: the adjustment effected by Hitler between Rumania and Hungary offers a clear example of that impossibility. *Restoration* and *Revision* are misleading lights. Perhaps still worse, there is, in most cases, no "legitimate" government that can be reinstated without question on the morrow of the Armistice. We assume that Nazism and Fascism will dissolve, leaving not a wrack behind; we shall have, literally, a *tabula rasa*. But this will be true, also, of the satellite states — Hungary, Rumania, Bulgaria. And it would be the height of temerity to bring back without question all the governments in exile — those of Poland, Yougoslavia, Albania, or Greece, for instance. We are not sure of the right course even in the case of France. To restore governments and boundaries *before* the final peace would be to prepare a series of petty

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wars and civil feuds. We cannot restore them, even provisionally, without prejudice. And how could countries without boundaries and without a government be represented at the Conference table? We must first have a Europe — a European Council, as Mr. Churchill puts it; and then leave it to Europe, in due course of time, to effect whatever divisions may seem most practical.

Above all, a United Europe is the only possible way of settling the German problem. The partition of Germany will not do it. I am not enamoured of German political unity; I sincerely believe that Germany has been, and would be, happier as a culture than as a state. But if this be true, it applies with no less force to Italy and France. If division is imposed from without by the victors as a badge of defeat; if the other states on the contrary boast of their unity, cherish it, foster it, repress any attempt against it; then the Germans will again, and with some justification, imitate the French in their desire to be a single nation, "one and indivisible." And there will always be, in England and France, men fair-minded enough to admit the justice of her claim.

You cannot solve the German problem by encircling her with a chain of steel. For then her struggle to break that chain will grow more intense and powerful with the years; and the chain will inevitably have weaker links. You will have created in the European system a tension that will inevitably lead to catastrophe.

Many people resent and resist the idea of a European Union open to the Germans on free and equal terms. Granted that it would bear no outward resemblance to the ruthless exploitation that Hitler calls "the New Order," would not the German element, being numerically the strongest, ultimately rule the Continent? But, in a United Europe, the German *bloc* cannot be organized to dominate. There will be no *German* army, no *German* trade policy, no *German* controlled currency, no *German* cartels. All these essential factors of power will be in the hands of the Union. And in that Union, the German element will be a minority: eighty out of over three hundred millions.

If Germany cannot enslave Europe politically, will she be able to do so through economic supremacy? No doubt Germany has

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great superiority among Continental nations in coal resources; but she enjoys no monopoly. For her iron ore she has to depend to a great extent upon French Lorraine, Sweden, and Spain. France, for one, is richer than Germany in water power, which is becoming a serious rival to coal. A certain degree of deliberate redistribution of industry may be needed in order to correct the artificial efforts of the last few years in Germany. A great deal of Federal or Continental control over natural resources and basic activities will remain necessary. But, with the whole of Europe as a free trade area, there is no reason why German industry should oppress the rest of the Continent any more than Pittsburgh oppresses America.

The laggards will sneer: "Utopia! Your conception of a United Europe disregards Nationalism, and Nationalism is the fiercest force at work in the world today." I do not disregard Nationalism. If by Nationalism you mean the delusion that within the same area every one must speak alike, think alike, feel alike, then I recognize the somber eminence of Nationalism as the chief enemy of mankind. National passion, not economic conflict, is the sole cause of war for two very simple reasons. The first is that it is the *nations*, not the interests, that are armed and can wage war. When the interests intervene, they must camouflage themselves into nationalism. The second is that no man would be foolish enough to get himself killed for economic interests, especially those of others. It is just because I recognize the unique potency of Nationalism as evil that I want Nationalism to be curbed. Destroy it we cannot, and would not if we could, for it is mingled with noble elements. But it should be *disarmed*. It cannot with safety be entrusted with weapons, for of its very nature it is passionate and unreasoning.

"Passionate, unreasoning: but still a fact!" Granted: but you will not improve the temper of Nationalism by girdling it with a bristling frontier. "Can you possibly imagine a Frenchman and a German living peaceably under the same law?" I can. Messrs. Beneš and Masaryk *can* imagine a Bohemia, a Sudetenland, a city of Prague in which the German lion and the Czech lamb will

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lie down side by side. Others would have Bulgarians, Greeks, and Serbs dwell together in amity. If these things, which are offered us as realistic, are conceivable, then I am ready to believe that men named Gallieni, Brazza, Gambetta, Scapini, Siegfried, Herzog, Hunziger, Hennessey, Macdonald, Archdeacon, Klobukowsky, and Papadiamantopoulos might possibly live under the same flag. As a matter of fact, I have seen that miracle with my own eyes, in France as well as in America.

Two great factors are overlooked in this insistence upon European nationalism. If the *ideal* of Nationalism — a brotherhood of multitudes — may be holy, the *disease* of Nationalism — fear and hatred — must be cured; and that disease is the result of repression. Polish sentiment, or Irish sentiment, breeds hatred only if it is thwarted. Leave a man free to be a Pole to his heart's content, to speak Polish as much as he pleases, to belong to Polish clubs, to display the Polish colors and he will be a Pole without hating his Czech, Lithuanian, or Ukrainian neighbors. I have seen a grand parade of Polish societies on Fifth Avenue; and all of us who lined the sidewalks cheered with genuine sympathy. The sole manner of purifying and ennobling Nationalism is to release it from the strait jacket of the frontier. Every man should carry his nationalism wherever he goes, as he carries his religion and his family loyalties. Every man should respect the nationalism of others, even if they happen to live in the same street.

The second fact that we forget is that in the twentieth century politico-social divisions are far more acute than national divisions; just as in the sixteenth century religious divisions were the most tragically real of all. A conspicuous example of this fact is offered by Franco's rebellion against the Spanish Republic. In the name of "Nationalism," he killed half a million pure blooded Spaniards, with the assistance of Moors, Italians, and Germans. And the French "Nationalists," with very few exceptions, had and still have for their watchword: "Rather Hitler than Blum!"

Nationalism, that shibboleth of the mid-nineteenth century, was discarded by the Extreme Left long ago; now it is abandoned by the Extreme Right. The Socialists had always advocated a United Europe — and how sternly they were rebuked for it! Now

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the Reactionaries are helping Hitler build a United Europe. Men still believe in "my Country, right or wrong!" provided "my country" be represented by a government of "my" own class or party.

Let us translate these principles into concrete terms. I believe with Mr. Hiram Motherwell that Europe, after the "unconditional surrender" of the aggressors, will be threatened with chaos. We shall have to take measures of public salvation, which cannot be hampered by still undetermined frontiers and still dubious governments. Not only boundary lines and party allegiances, but whole populations have been shifted in the most reckless manner: there are over two million Frenchmen working in Germany. The first consideration will be *Order*, of a rough and ready kind: martial law. If order were not assured by ruthless methods, if necessary, we should witness a carnival of massacre and looting. But we do not want this iron rule to be placed at the service of any chance "Restoration" or "Revolution." Just because it will have to be strong-handed, that *Order* must be plainly provisional. Any kind of commitment should be avoided.

Then we (by *we* I mean the Allied Forces, whatever and wherever they may be, acting in the collective name of the United Nations) must start attending at once to pressing problems: the restoration of highways and railroads, the distribution of food. Repatriation, the reversing of a formidable and dolorous exodus, will next have to be canalized. During that time it would be idle to think of elaborate national governments.

No doubt there will be in most places, including Germany, traditional elements of order, which can and should be utilized for local administration, insofar as their action is not political. But all disputed areas — and a great deal of Europe *is* disputed, alas! — should be placed under Allied control. Frontiers will exist only as the boundaries of jurisdictions.

What will first emerge out of that tormented chaos must be *Europe*, not Yougoslavia, Rumania, or Poland. When the situation has become to some extent stabilized, the next step will be to elect, by universal suffrage, a European assembly. In such a body

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there will be at first innumerable small groups, but they will soon organize themselves into a few fairly consistent *blocs*. These *blocs*, I am ready to wager, will represent politico-social opinions rather than geographical areas or languages. There will be, not a Latin Alliance, a Slavic Union, a Teutonic Bund, but Communists, Socialists, Liberals, and Conservatives, with the additional shades introduced by Agrarian and Catholic interests.

This Assembly will elect, not necessarily out of its own membership, a Provisional Executive Commission, which will take over the various services functioning under the control of the Allied Forces. It will start at once recruiting and drilling a Federal Guard, which will gradually be substituted for the troops of occupation. It will address itself to the immense work of demobilization and reconstruction, which must go hand in hand, if we are to avoid a relapse into chaos. All these are emergency duties, non-national, non-political, unlinked with any particular ideology.

It is by performing these pressing, these inevitable, tasks that the rudimentary Government of Europe will acquire a *personnel*, an *esprit de corps*, a *technique*. We do not start from a paper organization and then give it something to do. We start with something to be done, by the most practical methods, giving little thought to abstract principles. During that time the people will have begun debating the future constitution; but constitution-making must be the second step, not the first. And I trust that at this stage, the constitution will be a mere indication, a few simple rules of the game, not an ambitious philosophy, not a hard-and-fast system.

Then and then only, when Europe is at last organized and functioning, will it be safe to deal with the ticklish problem of frontiers within the Union, which by that time will have lost much of its bitterness. Europe, forming a free trade area, with a common Federal Guard, a common consular service, a common currency and banking system, will give proper perspective to the shifting of purely conventional lines. If you have grown to feel yourself a citizen of Europe, it matters surprisingly little whether Sarrelouis be German, Saargemünde French, or *vice versa*, espe-

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cially if in either anyone is free to speak French or German without let or hindrance.

This is the crux of the matter: "freedom of speech" should imply language freedom. And we must remember, as Justice Holmes was fond of repeating, that there can be no genuine liberty where equality of status is denied. There must be no privileged class among languages any more than among nations, races, or individuals. Any attempt to divide languages into "minor" and "major" is bound to create resentment. Every language is great for those to whom it is dear.

The problem, fortunately, does not exist in our country. In Europe it can be settled only through the most radical liberalism. No obstacle whatever should be placed on the use of a language for *voluntary* purposes: religion, commerce, society, literature. In this respect, cosmopolitan cities like New York and San Francisco offer excellent models. For *official* purposes, bilingualism, and even polyglottism, should be respected wherever they happen to exist in fact. If there are Germans as well as Czechs in Prague, let them attend the schools of their own choice. Let officials be provided whom they can understand.

In *federal* matters — Executive, Congress, Supreme Court, police force, transportation, basic industries — a federal *lingua franca* will be needed. If we dared to face the problem, it would be an easy task to adopt or to construct such a language. In a very few years, every one whose interests are not purely provincial would have mastered it. In the meantime, a single national language, two at most, would have to serve. Perhaps the bilingualism of the League of Nations would be an acceptable provisional solution. English alone, even simplified into Basic, would never do. If there is one thing that Europe dreads, it is the thought of "Anglo-Saxon supremacy": Hitler has no better talking point. If Great Britain were within the Union, the use of English would give her a privileged position that neither Germany nor Italy nor France would be ready to acknowledge. If England stayed out, the situation would be even worse; Europe would not brook any assumption of superiority from an outsider, above all in the linguistic domain: for a language is a fatherland of the spirit.

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Politically, Europe in 1939 was almost as divided as was France four hundred years ago, or Germany as late as 1800; but Europe has been one in civilization for two thousand years. We can now aid or hamper her evolution toward a liberal and peaceful unity. If we want to aid, we must disregard the traditions of diplomacy, for the eyes of diplomats are invincibly turned toward the past. I envisage the creation of the New Europe without any formal conference and without any peace treaty: first through the efforts of practical men, to clear the débris; then through the spontaneous activities of free citizens.

We shall have to make up our minds whether we desire a United Europe to exist, before we discuss her proper limits. So I have refrained from touching upon the difficult question: how far should "Europe" extend? This question resolves itself into two separate problems: can the Soviet Union be integrated with Western Europe? And: is England a European country? This much at any rate may be said with assurance: if England and Russia remain outside the Union, there is no reason why Europe should be their enemy. A divided Europe, with admirable opportunities for intrigues and tensions, would be a far greater menace to the peace of Great Britain and the Soviets than a United Europe could ever be.

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Robert Koch: A Centenary

1843–1943

Louis I. Dublin

ONE HUNDRED years ago this month occurred the birth of Robert Koch, a man who contributed greatly to human welfare. To a world harried with plague and disease, this scientist brought lasting relief. Almost single-handed, he laid the foundations for modern bacteriology and gave the world a tool with which to search into the natural history of disease. His work revealed the secret agents which produced anthrax, tuberculosis, plague, cholera, and a host of other human ills. He was the central figure of a health laboratory whose practices revolutionized preventive as well as curative medicine. It is a source of amazement to researchers today to realize how wide a field of medical investigation he covered; how solid was his individual contribution and how broadly he stimulated the work of others. The present era of medical research and public health practice stems very largely from these contributions. Life in great cities has been made safer and decades have been added to the average length of life. The productive capacity of nations has been immeasurably increased. Such is the nature of our debt to this man.

It is particularly fitting that we should recognize that debt at this time. Robert Koch was born in Germany. In this dark period of history, when we are at war with the barbarous and destructive regime of that land, we may with special grace celebrate the life and work of a German who added so much to the arts of peace. His background, his methods, and his approach to his work were typical of the Germany of earlier days — of a country whose scientific and scholarly benefits to mankind will survive long after its war-makers are dust. Koch's patient curiosity, his precision, his passionate thoroughness, his resource-

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fulness — these are all qualities of the abiding German spirit. It is appropriate that we should remember them when we are fighting those who have destroyed the Germany he represented. As we look forward to the future, we should the more gladly recognize our debt to the hardworking doctor who was of the great Germany, the land of the scholar and scientist, the land of basic values. For these values must survive.

I

Although his work had such a far-reaching effect, there was little that was extraordinary in the surroundings or in the sequence of events in Koch's own life. He was reared in a typical middle-class hardworking German family in the mining district of Hanover. At school he showed no particular brilliance. He was just a normal, healthy boy, interested in natural history, a bent that was encouraged by his scientifically-minded father. Yet even in early experiments with algae and insects and seed pods, he showed that extraordinary patience, that ability to try again and again in the face of seeming failure, which characterized his later work. In due time, he went to the nearby University of Göttingen, where he studied medicine. From the very first, he was in his element. Fortunate for him was the presence at the University of the great anatomist Henle who led Koch's thinking in the direction of the causes of disease. Never throughout his career did he deviate from the channels of inquiry into which the older man had led him.

In 1866 he graduated in medicine, passed the State examinations, and after some hospital experience in Hamburg, entered private practice in 1869 in a small town in Posen near the Russian border. During the war with France he joined the colors, but soon returned to his practice and later moved to the somewhat larger Silesian town of Wollstein where he was appointed district physician, (kreis physicus).

Here, in his spare time, the young doctor could indulge in the studies and inquiries that filled his mind. The spirit of the early seventies was favorable to biological and medical discovery. Pasteur had broken ground, showing that bacteria were the cause

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of many diseases; yet there was much skepticism abroad as to the value of his effort. His methods were crude and his findings could not always be repeated. What was most needed was a refinement and standardization of procedure which could once and for all make available to medical research a scientifically sound technique.

It remained for Koch to make this contribution and thereby to establish the modern science of bacteriology. He concentrated first on anthrax, a disease which at that time was killing cattle and sheep by the thousands in the agricultural districts all over Europe. Although Pasteur and other scientists were saying that this disease was caused by a bacillus, medical opinion on that point was highly divided. It is startling at this date to look back on the courage of the young country doctor. In his ill-equipped laboratory, formed by curtaining off a portion of his private office, he tackled after a hard day's work a scientific problem of a scope that should have engrossed the most expert technicians of the time. By ingenious methods all his own, he definitely proved that this disease, common to animals and communicable to man, was caused by a specific bacillus.

His research complete, the young physician — he had just passed his thirty-second year — wrote to the famous botanist Ferdinand Cohn at the nearby University at Breslau telling him that he had achieved some results with anthrax. Cohn was not particularly impressed with Koch's letter, but was willing to invite him to come and describe his work. It was a memorable occasion when, on an April day in 1876, Koch laid for the first time before a group of scientists the history of his anthrax research. He described how he had isolated the bacillus from the tissues of diseased animals and how he had cultivated it outside the parent body. He proved that under certain temperature conditions, the bacillus entered into a spore stage, and that the spores could later assume their original rod form in the blood. He proceeded to demonstrate the complete life history of the bacterium under the microscope. This country doctor was obviously no amateur. So sure was the chain of the evidence he presented that the world of science was stirred to action. Pro-

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fessor Cohnheim, the eminent pathologist, rushed from the demonstration room to his own laboratory, crying out to his assistants: "Drop everything and go at once to Koch. I consider this the greatest discovery yet made in bacteriology!" No small compliment from a distinguished researcher to an unknown debutant in the field.

The discovery was soon the property of the whole scientific world. Koch himself did not realize how significant were the results of his lonely experiments at Wollstein. By his study of anthrax he had won the interest and fellowship of colleagues who were working on like problems. They were eager to try out the techniques he had developed. A year later he met their need with a report in which he described his procedures, particularly those for preserving, staining, and photographing the bacterial forms. The following year he published a third paper on his investigations of various types of wound infections. In these investigations he had followed the same pattern of procedure: the segregation and cultivation of the bacteria outside the body and their inoculation into a healthy animal to produce conditions similar to the original wound infection. He showed how these principles could be put to work in the study of other infectious diseases, the causative agents of which lay just under the surface of discovery. He thus contributed the basic techniques and the precise methods of work that soon became the medium of bacteriological discovery for the entire world.

It was clear that this great scientist could no longer be confined to the half-pint laboratory in Wollstein. Cohnheim had been working on Koch's behalf, and after four years his advocacy secured Koch a position in the Imperial Health Bureau in Berlin. There, assisted by Loeffler and Gaffky, who later attained eminence in their own right, Koch's real career began. Free from the cares of a private practice, he was able to devote all his energies to the ideas that had been stirring within him. In 1881 he made another major contribution with a paper on his "poured plate" method of growing pure cultures of bacteria — a method whereby the bacteria could be separated and then grown on a transparent solid so that each organism would give rise to a col-

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ony exactly like itself. Many have called this his greatest achievement, since it furnished bacteriology with an infallible means of cultivating the microbe and assuring its identity. But he dwarfed even this accomplishment when, on the evening of March 24th, 1882, he announced before the Physiological Society of Berlin that he had isolated and grown the tubercle bacillus and that this germ was the cause of all forms of tuberculosis in man.

In Koch's laboratory, not only the master, but also his students and collaborators were turning out epoch-making discoveries. He had attracted to his side a body of fine young research men from all over the world, and the place teemed with ideas. Within a relatively few years there came from the hitherto lethargic Health Department — like corn popping in a pan — a series of breath-taking scientific contributions. Koch and his associates had at their disposal a new and dependable technique for the pure culture of bacteria, and with it they clearly established in quick succession the causes of erysipelas, diphtheria, cholera, typhoid fever, pneumonia, tetanus, and other infections. The laboratory rivalled that of Pasteur, in the rich harvest emanating from the genius and influence of one man.

But Koch's greatest gift to mankind was undoubtedly his work in the field of tuberculosis. His isolation of the bacillus and his demonstration of its causative relation to the disease has led step by step to the virtual elimination of this curse from the lives of large groups of people today. His discovery was all the more remarkable in the face of the heartbreaking obstacles he faced. He worked in an uncharted field. He wasted precious time before he found that his earlier anthrax methods were useless and must be discarded. He found the tubercle bacillus a very slow-growing germ in culture — requiring twenty days before the slightest sign of change on the culture medium. The dyes hitherto used proved unsatisfactory as a staining medium, so that he was forced to modify the usual coloring matter in order to penetrate the little rod-shaped bacilli and to demonstrate them under the microscope.

Added to these hurdles to Koch's work was the confusion that existed among physicians of the time as to the very nature of the

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disease. Many of them believed that it was hereditary in character, since children rarely escaped if their parents became infected. Virchow, the dean of cellular pathology and indeed of world medicine, had insisted that tuberculosis was not a single entity, and that consumption (tuberculosis of the lungs) and general (miliary) tuberculosis were two different, although associated, conditions. Only the certainty of his painstaking efforts gave Koch courage to gainsay the master. But neither Virchow nor any of the other followers of the traditional school could find a flaw in his final chain of evidence. Koch demonstrated that the selfsame tubercle bacillus was present in every case and type of tuberculosis and that without it the disease could not arise. He proved that he had isolated the bacilli from the human body and had grown them in pure culture. With this pure culture he had been able to give the disease to healthy animals and, in turn, had obtained the bacilli once more from the animals so inoculated. Ordinarily, frank discussion was the rule after a paper; yet at the close of this one, there was utter silence. No one questioned the results; Koch had clinched the cycle of proof.

The picture of tuberculosis as a medical and public health problem was now fairly well clarified. Koch had given to medicine a technique with which to investigate the disease and also furnished the means to put his discovery to practical use. "My studies have been done in the interest of public health and I hope that this [movement] will derive the largest profit from them," he said in his famous paper published a few weeks after the historic meeting of the Berlin Physiological Society. "In future, the fight against this terrible plague of mankind will deal no longer with an undetermined something, but with a tangible parasite, whose living conditions are for the most part known and can be investigated further." His interest in the field continued for the rest of his life, and he made many valuable additions to his main contribution. In 1890 he announced the discovery of tuberculin, which he had prepared and believed to be a cure for tuberculosis. Although his hopes for it were not fulfilled, it has proved useful as an agent for testing the presence of infection. He spent years in the study of the relation of human and bovine tuberculosis

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and eventually threw over his first hypothesis to share Theobald Smith's conclusion that they were separate entities. He took a deep interest in the application of all his discoveries, and was grateful to see the weapons he had forged passed from hand to hand, from nation to nation. He knew that he had laid the foundations for a great campaign.

II

The application of Koch's contributions to the practical control of tuberculosis is an extraordinary example of how quickly and effectively science can combat a major social evil, once it gets its bearings. At the time of Koch's discovery, tuberculosis was the leading cause of death throughout the western world and the most important factor in causing disability. Life in the eighties was almost as unsafe from this disease as it had been twenty centuries before — in fact, the growth of industry and the resultant crowding of people into cities had intensified the danger. In England, where the public health movement had already taken hold, the death rate from all forms of tuberculosis was close to four times the present figure. We have records for only a few places in our own country, yet they uniformly show conditions like those in England.

A striking characteristic of the disease was its very high prevalence in infancy and in early childhood and its particular dangers at the younger adult ages among both men and women. Consequently, young people lived in fear of it. There was much relief when those in delicate health survived to the age of thirty-five or thereabouts, for they then considered themselves more immune. The disease was the largest single factor in the causation of poverty and misery. Since it was so often responsible for the sickness and death of the breadwinner, it was a potent disruptor of families. Its ravages were sharpest in the larger industrial centers, where poor living conditions of the great mass of the people tremendously increased the spread of what was fearfully known as the Great White Plague.

Koch's findings and those of his successors opened up concepts that could be put to immediate and practical use. He had shown

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that tuberculosis was not an inherited disease, but an infection that spread from man to man and could, therefore, be controlled. The most important step was to isolate known and especially advanced cases, for they spread the disease to others. The next step was to develop an informed public, fortified against the disease by vigorous health. Koch's method of attack became a tool of extraordinary efficiency and accuracy in the hands of the medical and public health agencies in Germany, England, and particularly in the United States.

The anti-tuberculosis campaign took an especially vigorous form in this country. The pioneer work of Dr. Hermann M. Biggs, who established the first Health Department laboratory in New York City, gave it tremendous impetus. Physicians were invited and encouraged to send in specimens of sputum of suspected cases, and the disease was thus more readily diagnosed. Dr. Biggs was also among the first of the Health Officers to introduce compulsory registration of cases of tuberculosis by physicians. With a knowledge of the cases in the community, the Health Department was enabled to formulate a concrete plan of attack on the disease.

Dr. Edward L. Trudeau was another American pioneer who worked out new methods of care for the tuberculous. At his sanatorium at Saranac Lake, New York, he demonstrated that rest, fresh air, and adequate food would frequently restore the individual to good health, particularly if he were an early case. Biggs and Trudeau and others abroad, such as Sir Robert Philip of Edinburgh, helped to create an effective procedure in the mass handling of tuberculosis as a community health problem. To spread this program widely in the United States, the National Tuberculosis Association, organized in 1904, became a clearing house for the exchange of ideas and for the mass training of physicians and Health Officers in the diagnosis and care of the disease.

The Association and its hundreds of local affiliates also set themselves the task of awakening the people of the whole country to their personal responsibility in the fight. Through a widespread and thoroughgoing program of education the public was taught

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how the disease spreads and how to guard against it. Young and old were shown that better personal hygiene has an important part to play in building up resistance to tuberculosis. A national public health movement reaching into every state of the union was the means of teaching the lay public how to benefit from the knowledge and facilities that science, philanthropy, and government have built up during forty years.

The two channels through which the public has been reached most effectively have been themselves the product of the campaign: the tuberculosis clinic and the tuberculosis sanatorium. The former is now found in virtually every community and provides facilities for X-ray examination of the chest and for diagnosis. Cases are thus discovered while they are still in the early and curable stages, contacts can be traced, and the spread of the disease among the families of patients can be checked. The tuberculosis sanatoria have likewise had a remarkable development. About two million people have passed through them in the last three decades. A large proportion have been discharged with their disease cured or arrested and are today alive and engaged in productive work because of the care they received in these institutions. Other more advanced patients who could not be restored to working capacity have profited from the care they received and have learned how to keep their infection from others. It is notable that these preventive and curative activities have flowed in uninterrupted progression directly from the principles of diagnosis and isolation that Robert Koch laid down sixty years ago.

The benefits from these efforts have been incalculable. Because this man lived and worked, the world is a healthier and better place to live in. Less than forty years ago, when the campaign in the United States was launched, tuberculosis stood first in the list of causes of death, with a rate close to 200 deaths per 100,000 of population. Today in our country it has dropped to eighth place, the current death rate being only about 40 per 100,000. The disease has been phenomenally reduced at the younger productive ages of life where it had claimed most of its victims. Twelve states in widely scattered parts of the United States have

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death rates under 30 per 100,000, which means that they have largely solved the problem of tuberculosis for their people. There are only a few states where the disease still presents a major public health hazard. Perhaps the most dramatic aspect of the situation today lies in the continued improvement in the rates of mortality and morbidity. In spite of the hardships of war, there is as yet no evidence of diminishing returns in our country. For these reasons, the sober-minded men who direct the tuberculosis campaign believe that the disease will not only become a minor cause of death in the United States, but that within a relatively short period it will be virtually eradicated from our general population. There is no good reason why tuberculosis should not follow the course of typhoid fever, smallpox, yellow fever, cholera, and other diseases, from which the public health and medical professions have practically freed our people.

III

Koch's claim to the gratitude of mankind is not limited to this particular contribution to the public health. He was no narrow specialist. Tuberculosis was only one of a number of diseases whose causes he was able to isolate and identify. He was thirty-nine at the time of this discovery, and he continued to make a variety of valuable contributions to our knowledge of communicable disease during the remaining twenty-eight years of his life. Germs came into his net, as he said, "like ripe apples from a tree." The year after his discovery of the tubercle bacillus he set off for Egypt to try to find the causative agent of cholera, at a time when this disease threatened to invade Europe from the East. Not only did he discover the comma-shaped bacillus that causes this disease, but also he was able to prove its presence in the drinking water, food, and clothing of those who contracted it. On his return to Germany, he proved the importance of the human carrier as a source of infection of cholera and was thus able to check epidemics that occurred when ships returned from infected areas. These investigations started a new practice of health examination and marine quarantine. Koch later set up new landmarks in medicine by showing that epidemics of typhoid

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fever, malaria, and dysentery are also spread by carriers. Not only were many epidemics stamped out through isolation of the newly discovered cases, but Koch in each case proved the practical usefulness of his laboratory control methods for detecting the sources of infection.

The failure of tuberculin, which he had hoped would be a cure for tuberculosis, was undoubtedly a great disappointment to Koch, although it proved to be a useful diagnostic aid. But this was only a temporary halt in his vast and useful output. As the great European nations expanded into imperial powers, they found disease problems in their colonies. Lurking in the swamps and jungles of Africa and India were serious health menaces to both colonizers and natives, and the empire builders looked to Koch to ferret them out. These commissions bore him to every corner of the globe, and it is significant that some of his most valuable discoveries were made for other nations than his own. He was well aware that his scientific gift gave him responsibilities beyond the confines of his native land; that he must cross national boundaries to work for the safety of all peoples, the stricken native of the Sudan, the Italian, the Hindu, as well as for the German at home. At the request of the British Government, he investigated rinderpest (a plague of cattle) in South Africa and devised a method of preventive inoculation which is still employed with success. While on this mission he also made valuable studies of tropical malaria, blackwater fever, bubonic plague in India, and of two infectious diseases of domestic animals, sura and Texas fever. For his own government he returned to Africa time after time and brought under control many of the diseases that threatened her colonies. In his last expedition for her, he made a notable contribution to the victory over sleeping sickness. He invaded continents, not for conquest, but to lead the warriors of science against plague and pestilence.

Although in 1885 Koch had been rewarded by a professorship at the University of Berlin and was made Director of its new Hygienic Institute, he remained essentially a research man whose field could not be bound by the university classroom. In 1891, therefore, he resigned his professorship to head the new Institute

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of Infectious Disorders in Berlin, brought into being to further his specialized studies and his expeditions. From all parts of Germany and from foreign lands, men flocked to learn the new methods and to accompany the master on his epoch-making trips. These pupils have carried on his tradition and have achieved scientific eminence in the far corners of the globe. After Pasteur and Koch, the outstanding figure in the work against infections was Ehrlich, who worked with Koch at the Institute and spoke of this period as "the most interesting time of my life." Perhaps no disciple gave Koch keener pleasure than Kitasato, who came to him from Japan, and, by application of the older man's techniques, isolated the bacilli of tetanus and of bubonic plague. Many Americans crossed the Atlantic to study with him and came back to this country to spread the newer methods of bacteriological research: such leaders as William H. Welch of Johns Hopkins, who as a young man, had been at work in Cohnheim's laboratory when the doctor from Wollstein made his breathtaking disclosures; Mitchell Prudden of Columbia; Ernst of Harvard, Novey and Victor Vaughan of the University of Michigan; Abbott of the University of Pennsylvania; Hermann M. Biggs, the great Medical Officer of New York City; and Richard P. Strong, who carried his methods to the far Philippines. Grown into great teachers, they showed thousands of students the significance of Koch's four postulates of proof, which still stand like four pillars in the practice of modern bacteriology. His hand was thus present in successive generations who passed on his heritage of scientific endeavor; Walter Reed, for example, studied and worked under Koch's most famous American pupil, Welch. Others who never studied directly under Koch were yet his pupils in the sense of acknowledging his leadership with every successive identification of a specific microbe with a specific disease.

In 1908 the International Congress on Tuberculosis was held for the first time in this country, and the distinguished delegate from Germany interrupted a world tour to attend its sessions. Koch's address, delivered in Washington, discussed "The Relation of Human and Bovine Tuberculosis." His interest in this subject had continued through the years and brought him one

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afternoon to the bacteriological laboratory of William H. Park at the Department of Health in New York City, where a study of bovine tuberculosis was being conducted. The writer was at work in Dr. Park's laboratory at the time and recalls vividly the short, heavy-set man with broad brow and stubby beard who entered the room on the arm of Dr. Park, questioned several of the men about their work, smiled, and looked at their cultures. These young men were part of his goodly heritage, and their methods of work were essentially those he had perfected nearly thirty years before.

Koch served his own country well; yet, in the larger sense, he served the whole world. He never saw himself as a public figure and cared little for the honors which emperors and scientific bodies heaped upon him. The Nobel Prize, which was conferred at the age of sixty-two, was a tangible tribute to his gifts to humanity. At this point, he might well have rested on his laurels. But he scorned the serenity of old age and continued his intensive and active research up to the very end. No subject ever interested him as much as tuberculosis, and he returned time after time to new efforts to eradicate it. His last lecture, on "The Epidemiology of Tuberculosis" given before a crowded and excited audience at the Berlin Academy of Sciences, dealt again with his interest in the public health uses of his discoveries. Less than two months later, on May 27, 1910, the world received the news that this humanitarian, this warrior who had fought in the far corners of Europe, of Asia, of Africa, this explorer who had opened up new lands and islands to relief from suffering, was dead.

IV

It is not easy to evaluate a life as rich as that of Robert Koch. His is a magnificent example of the accomplishments of science in the service of mankind. Because of his varied contributions, the infections have yielded up their secrets and have come very largely under control. The curse of debilitating disease has been lifted from young people. They can now make full use of their powers, can build up their families and hold them together over

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a lifetime. Babies born in America today can look forward to an average length of life about twenty-five years longer than when Koch made his discoveries. Regions hitherto unsuitable for white settlement have been opened up through the abatement of the pestilences that prevailed there. Thanks to the application of Koch's discoveries to routine public health procedures, the average man has become a healthier and more productive citizen.

But Koch did not stand alone. His was the period of the giants, not only in medicine, but in biology, physics, and chemistry. It was a golden age, resplendent with scientific discoveries that made over the entire scheme of life. Translated into new devices and comforts, they changed the pattern of existence of the average man and woman, freed them from drudgery, and gave them greater leisure. The standard of living of the people was immeasurably raised. In equal measure, science changed man's outlook and ways of thought. It brought freedom to the mind, ridding it of superstition and magic and substituting a tried and solid method of inquiry and a foundation of knowledge. It has thus strengthened man's respect for the truth, has encouraged a singleness of purpose, a desire for objectivity, a reliance on unbiased observation, and a better understanding of the processes of nature. Such an approach can readily bring together in mutual respect men of diverse race, creed, and nationality, dedicated to the greater service of mankind.

Yet science can also be misused. We cannot live by facts alone. Too great reliance on material resources may loosen the ties to old institutions, to valued traditions, and to the verities that have the sanction of centuries. In the hands of ruthless men, science can and has become an instrument of bedevilment. The events of recent decades have shown us only too clearly how a whole people in the front line of scientific achievement can become arrogant and aggressive. In the very Germany that gave the world a Koch, the new leadership has forgotten the uses of scholarship and diverted the creative energy of the nation into a mechanism that would crush out liberty and religious freedom from their people and the whole world. A sheer worship of power, bending science to its ends, has brought low a great people.

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There is, therefore, a special significance to this centenary. The life and work of Koch illume the proper place of the scientist, whose gifts must be safeguarded to enrich mankind and not to enslave it. In the postwar world they must be directed universally, across all national boundaries. The resources of a new Germany must be marshalled to restore the values of a Koch, a Virchow, a von Behring, an Einstein. In this way, the national genius for scientific work may flower again in that country; and, directed to the service of all peoples, it may help heal old wounds and bring about a renewed conception of brotherhood.

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Of the Librarian's Education

W. Stanley Hoole

THE modern American librarian has been called the Bookman Belligerent. His duty, he is told, is no longer passive or custodial. Rather, he is to fight hard, for upon him more than anyone else depends the destiny of Man's mind.

It is indeed heartening to think of the librarian as civilization's intellectual commando. Once, perhaps, when the prerequisite of the profession was profundity, such an appellative would not have been remarkable. Dr. Thomas Bray, for example, the first advocate of public libraries in America, wrote in *Bibliothecae Americanae* (1697) that since libraries "give Requisite Helps to Considerable Attainment in All the Parts of Necessary and Usefull Knowledge," it was impossible to believe that those in charge "should be Able to Communicate to others, what they are not themselves first become Masters of."

But the changes of time have changed the focus on librarianship, and the librarian, like the old gray mare, is not what he used to be. He is past master in classifying, cataloguing, and circulating books. With wizardly skill he microphotographs them. He is administrator, comptroller, and statistician all in one: *si monumentum requiris, circumspice.* In fact, he is good at doing everything to or for books that an enlightened civilization could ask of him — except reading them. Like Timothy, "being so much at Paul's beck, as to be his Cloack-carrier and Book-bearer," he has been painstakingly drilled to be the handmaiden of wisdom or, as Sir Thomas Wotton would have said, "the brusher of noblemen's clothes." Certainly, none can deny him praise so far as this lackeydom goes. But at the eternal wedding of People and Print it is regrettable to see him always as the best man and never the groom.

Recently, I was invited by several of my colleagues of the faculty to attend the Southwestern convention of the Modern

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Language Association. At luncheon the talk naturally turned to books. For an hour we tossed back and forth across the table choice literary witticisms, running the gamut from *Piers Plowman* to *The Moon Is Down*. I felt strangely at home in this austere company of English professors: when I was suspiciously eyed, I knew it was because I was not wearing the badge of the order.

Presently, my neighbor, a Professor of American literature in a large Oklahoma university, asked me what "field" I was in. I replied that I was in all fields or no field, depending on how you looked at it — that I was a librarian.

"A librarian?"

When I assured him, he fairly shouted to his fellows, "My God! He's a librarian — a librarian who *reads* books!"

I had all along supposed that it was a part of my business to know something about the insides as well as the outsides of the books I hand out to students and faculty. Besides, I enjoy reading. But the idea grew to nightmarish proportions as time went on. My God, thought I, borrowing the Professor's epithet, will *librarian* never cease to conjure up a graying old woman of either sex who steps mouselike about her ossuary and thinks the progression of Life lies somwhere in the 900's?

No, I answered. Not until the librarian is taught or teaches himself that the inside of a library and the outside of a book are one thing, the outside of a library and the inside of a book another. A tailor wears clothes, a doctor takes his own medicine — need he who makes shoes always go barefoot himself? On what ground does the librarian exempt himself from knowing more about his stock-in-trade than the packages they are wrapped in?

The difference between the librarian who keeps the Book and another who keeps the Word has been carefully drawn. The latter, as Archibald MacLeish has written, cannot be passive. He must represent his client, "the inherited culture entrusted to his care," as its attorney against those who would black out or mutilate the Word, against those who would batten down our cultural hatches, against tyrants and artful liars. This he must do, not by waiting for attack, but by attacking. Defense never won a battle, not even the Battle of Books.

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Ability to preserve cultural traditions, however, depends on an understanding of them — "the authority of art and learning rests on knowledge of the arts and learning." Emerson had the same idea in mind when he wrote in *Society and Solitude:* "The colleges, whilst they provide us with libraries, furnish no professors of books; and, I think, no chair is so much wanted."

The semi-mechanized librarian who by code spots one volume in a million and parcels it out to you in no time at all will doubtless never be more than learning's short-order clerk. It is to the other, the librarian who *believes* in the Word and is eager to "profess" it, that the profession must turn for advancement, even for preservation.

Lately, the librarian has been subjected to many attacks by academicians, administrators, and the public. He has been told that much of the trapping he has built up about his work is tinsel and tawdry. He has been compared to Thomas Fuller's dunce, "void of learning but full of books." Moreover, prophets of his own group have warned him that he must answer society's demand for more intelligent service and less scientific ritual or be swept off his feet. No one, to be sure, has gone so far as to call his profession "shyster," except by inference, perhaps, but commentaries on the librarian's inadequacy have not been too carefully buried between the lines.

It is significant to note that educators have in large measure recruited their librarians from the classroom rather than from the ranks of the professionally trained. Many successful college and university librarians have received their training in areas other than library economy; and it is the rule rather than the exception to find in the larger public libraries men who have been appointed because of their experience, their general knowledge of men and affairs, or their success in another profession, such as law, literature, or administration. Surely, one concludes, librarianship must be the only profession in which the rocky road to learning has such macadamized detours.

Specific examples of these transfer-pundits are not difficult to draw, as every librarian knows, from the Librarian of Congress, about whose appointment "professionals" raised such a shameful

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howl, down through the university, college, and public libraries, to those in the smallest school systems. Among them are to be found many of the profession's leading thinkers. According to *The Library Journal*, only 86 of the 187 active librarians in *Who's Who* have library degrees and 16 others have no degrees at all — a total of 102, or 55 per cent. Earlier, the same magazine had named 64 librarians who had distinguished themselves as authors. Not all were college graduates and "not one ever attended library school," yet eight of them became presidents of the American Library Association, "in each case after having won recognition in quite other professions."

Let us look further. The General Education Board and the Carnegie Corporation have defined their positions by offering attractive subventions to young men already prepared in the humanities or social sciences to entice them into library work. Nationally known librarians, such as Raney (Chicago), Bishop (Michigan), and Munn (Pittsburgh Carnegie) have consistently demanded serious scrutiny of the "folklore" of librarianship and begged that something be done before it is too late. They know that librarians cannot forever be content as mere elevator boys in the tower of intellect.

Does the responsibility for the librarian's inadequacy rest in improper recruiting? Too poor pay to attract the better class of men and women? Hardly. There is yet no proof that the innate intelligence of librarians is second to that of other educators. Certainly students who elect teaching careers could not be dubbed mercenary. For the *faux pas* of the librarian one must look beyond the motive which directed him into the profession. One should consider, it seems, not so much why he became a librarian as why he became the kind of librarian he did.

An enthusiastic young man or woman whose native ability is not meritless interests himself in librarianship. If he already holds a bachelor's degree, he becomes a candidate for a second — the Bachelor of Science in Library Science, representing a fifth year of college work. If he wishes to do further study, routes to higher degrees are, of course, open to him; but generally his formal training ends with the B.S. in L.S. and to his place of employment he

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goes to join others who are already library "scientists." But somewhere between the time the eager neophyte began his training and the day he was initiated into the brotherhood, somewhere between the concept and the reality, he who loved books and reading and sought knowledge for its own sake has been stymied. He has learned that books are but physical things and the librarian is but their checker.

The extent of the librarian's loyalty to his professional school is usually evidenced by his acknowledgment that he considers himself adequately trained to perform the duties for which he has been adequately trained. The catch comes in the realization that he is trained for one thing and expected to do others. On this basis one might insist that the good librarian is good, not because of his professional training, but in spite of it. Furthermore, the librarian knows that up to now libraries are sanctioned, rather than basic, institutions in our society: when the civic-economy knife falls, it usually falls first and hardest on him. Whether self-preservation alone brought about the re-focusing, no one can rightly say, but he has learned that he cannot survive by continuing as jailer of the sublimated personalities on his shelves.

The precise pattern future library education may take is not entirely clear at the moment, but there is much handwriting on the wall. One thing is sure: the old regime, which made the librarian a galley slave to techniques, is doomed.

The end was first sighted some twenty years ago when the Carnegie Corporation began investigating the librarian's training. Results revealed that curricula and methods of instruction needed considerable overhauling. Moreover, the analysts frankly admitted, the better library positions would doubtless always be filled by scholars "with or without library school training." Those who rose in defense could do little more than beat the bushes, for the schools, with few exceptions, continue with much the same curricula and viewpoints. One or two have adopted more humanistic approaches, but on the whole the one-year schools (whose products are numerous and, in general, account for the poor opinion held of the average "trained" librarian) remain as they have been, with little apparent wish to be otherwise.

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The attack on library schools has developed along several interdependent lines: their outmoded curricula and methods, their lack of coördination within and without departmental boundaries, and their blind obeisance to national or regional accrediting associations — to mention but three. These might be summed up as academic inferiority or — better, perhaps — as "library lag." For the schools have not yet adjusted their curricula to fit the particular needs of place and time, nor have they become convinced that curricula cannot be produced *en masse* or be vacuum-tinned. In short, they still have before them the most challenging curriculum of all, a hand-tailored article.

To rest on the belief that certain courses are inviolable is but another way of saying that what one has been doing is, *ipso facto*, the right thing. The standard curriculum is not necessarily the product of omnific educators who could do no wrong. The final test for the library school, as for all others, comes when its graduate is measured in terms of intelligent service. If he fails, the system goes down with him.

The typical library school curriculum consists of thirty hours of work in basic, required courses. These are generally uniform — classification, cataloguing, book selection, reference, bibliography, and administration. And they are mandatory for every trainee. Whether he needs them or not, as was argued in the case of Latin some years ago, they are "good discipline." Indeed, they are. And there will always be need for "disciplined" librarians. Who else could properly order books from a mail-order catalogue, cards from the Library of Congress, or match quickly the digits on a patron's "call-slip" with those on a shelved book? The pity is that while he masters these "ostiaric" duties, he is frequently deprived of drinking from the culturally ennobling fountains of the institution and, when he is graduated, his second bachelor's degree warrants no more scholastic recognition than his first. What's more, it seldom commands a higher salary.

One need not necessarily agree with the author of *American Librarianship from a European Angle* that it is "downright fraud to apply the term 'bachelor in library science' to a one-year course of elementary and didactic instruction." To do so might easily

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becloud and reduce the issue to one of terminology, and the librarian is not so much concerned with what his preparation is called as he is about being rightly prepared for intelligent participation in the educative progress of society. It is enough to say that until training for librarianship is made less fraudulent and more intellectually challenging it will tend to produce robots of the first smelting. And robot, unfortunately, comes close to being a thumbnail biography of the average American librarian.

Even the alert librarian might insist that so-called traditional courses, if properly "integrated," may be valuable from the standpoint of utility as well as discipline. However, the graduates of a Southern library school who were required to outline Bostwick's *The American Public Library* must have found the integrating factors a bit elusive. The students in cataloguing at a large Midwestern university doubtless wonder why they spent the better part of a class-hour belaboring the proper size of catalogue cards — whether $3'' \times 5''$, as commonly called, or 7.5 cm. $\times$ 12.5 cm., as actually measured. The difference, you will want to know, is every bit the width of ten hairs. The New York librarian who in his "Reference Training" was asked to count the number of words devoted to Galileo in the *Encyclopedia Britannica* and in the *Americana* and contrast "results" cannot have failed to gain a very private opinion of the spirit of "research" in librarianship. Future librarians, who in their classification courses are busy memorizing Dewey Decimal digits, ask every day, "Why not the telephone directory?"

Now there is another side. Nearly every library school has its quota of instructors eager to garnish their subject matter with the doodads of the "newer" learning. Witness the recent trend toward diagrams, graphs and formulae, tables and statistics, "research methodology," "test scores," "coefficient of correlation," and "validity." One thinker has at long last solved the "riddle" of allotting library book funds to college departments — by use of the formula $A+2B+X(C_1+2C_2+4C_3+6C_4)$. "As a result," he writes, "the index of the department becomes $X=\frac{A+2B}{C}$." That unquestionably settles the matter for all time.

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Unhappily, the reduction of librarianship to a neat mathematical equation does not satisfy. Nor does the embellishment of it with borrowed verbiage. For in the final showdown librarians as well as library patrons are human beings whose everyday problems are still solved by experience, not by scientific formulae. The rearing of children, the choice of jobs, politics, religion, matters of finance and behavior — all are still within the pale of common sense or obtainable knowledge. As Pierce Butler once said, "Effective librarianship is largely a matter of accurate psychological diagnosis." With his office the librarian assumes the responsibility for exploiting books for communal advantage to the best of his ability. His success depends on his knowledge of what books are.

Adherents to the present training program insist that a student should have had his "general education" in the undergraduate college before becoming a candidate for the library degree, and that the quantity of work required for the latter does not allow him time to study in the academic departments of the institution.

The second statement insinuates that all prospective librarians must follow the same program of work. It even suggests that an extension of the area of his selectivity might be prejudicial. Nothing could be more illogical. By a process of thoughtful merger, elimination, and cooperation with other divisions of the university, library schools could perfect a curriculum immeasurably stronger than the standard requirements. But few schools have so far exhibited such professional courage. Adherence to various accrediting regulations accounts in part for their reluctance; however, this is becoming less true as time goes on, especially in the more independent institutions. On the whole, the established curriculum remains because it is traditionally entrenched.

The reply to the first statement, namely, that a student should have acquired a "background" education before he reaches the library school, is simply — he should. But the possession of a bachelor's degree is not proof that he needs or wants no further enlightening. If time for broadening his intellectual horizon could be gained by stripping the curriculum of ritualistic minutiae, why should that not be done — especially, when many of

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the elementary details on which the student, already a college graduate, now wastes time could be learned in service with one-tenth the time and effort? Meanwhile, his intelligence would not be insulted by piddling at the petty tasks required of him for the library degree.

To put it bluntly, the chief stumbling block to proper education for librarianship is a closed corporation called the "teaching personnel." Looking at sausages, they dream of Picasso. Mr. Hutchins' warning, in *The Higher Learning in America*, that "professional schools which have no intellectual content in their own right" must pass out, seems not to have disturbed them. So far they have made only a few futile attempts at outlining the essentials of the profession or developing what might be called a philosophy. Problems that might change the complexion of the whole system cry out for analysis. The nearest approach to a critique on the qualifications of a "professionally trained" librarian, as contrasted, let us say, with an "unprofessionally trained" one, is based on the simple fact that the former has for thirty scholastic hours been a remunerative guest of an institution. Indeed, it is this blundering, hit-or-miss attitude on the part of library school faculties, together with the entailing of worn-out ideas from son to son, that presents so serious a problem. To paraphrase Mr. Hutchins, they do not seem to know what to teach or how to teach it; they are unclear about their aims and objectives, and fumbling in their methods; and by looking down their noses at intellectual content they have become slide-rule technicians and have all but immunized themselves against the only kind of education that would strengthen the foundation of the profession.

Because of his superior knowledge the good librarian will assume civic and social leadership. As the administrator of the community's cultural center he will manage a complicated organization, seeking large sums of money and spending them to the best interest of his patrons and his library. He will be prepared, as a personnel director, to deal with many people under constantly varying conditions. As a scholar, he must hobnob with scholars, know their methods, speak their language, and

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demand their respect. As technician he will select, buy, process, and arrange for use myriad materials in many different areas of learning. As a liaison officer between the citizens of his community and the world-citizens on his shelves, he must serve the intellectual body of his patrons in much the same fashion as the doctor serves the physical, the lawyer the legal, or the minister the spiritual — indeed, one might even suggest that the librarian's responsibility to his clientele is a combination of all these. And, like the physician, the attorney, the minister, he too should have received adequate education for his role in society.

If he has not, then the school that taught him has a momentous choice to make: it must junk its ineffective methods and worn-out curriculum and substitute some subject matter worth teaching, or pull down the camouflage and declare itself a vocational institute for studying artifacts, distilling techniques, and counting square feet per janitor.

If library school professors would interest themselves in graduating *educated* instead of merely *trained* librarians, they might consider the possibilities of a "consolidated curriculum." Assuming that all knowledge is related and that the librarian's duties are manifold, they could develop composite courses by cutting across the usual departmental or divisional lines of the university to draw on the several sciences and the humanities. It will be agreed, for example, that the librarian as administrator should know the fundamentals of administration. These are similar, perhaps identical, in all types of executive responsibility. A candidate studying for public librarianship should go beyond general principles to municipal administration; the prospective college librarian, to advanced classes in college and university administration. In each case library administration would be given proper emphasis, *in its relation to the entire organization and operation* of the municipality or of the institution. The first course could be taken in the university's School of Business, perhaps, and the second in the School of Education. Such consolidation would eliminate from the library school curriculum the present catch-all known as "Library Administration." Another example: the librarian works with people, all types of people —

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city or college officials, alumni or politicians, faculties or smaller coteries of scholars, and with students and other patrons by the score. Yet few, if any, library schools offer in their curricula courses in personnel, social, educational, adult, or child psychology, or in the psychology of selling, behavior, or relationships. Indeed, such courses need not be introduced. Would it not be better to coördinate this important part of education for librarianship with the work offered in other departments of the university by scholars who are devoting their lives to the study of psychology?

Other examples could be drawn of the varied possibilities of a consolidated curriculum, especially in the social sciences and humanities. In fact, a good case might be made for the efficacy of consolidation in practically every phase of the present ritual for training librarians, except, of course, the technical. And this, after a fashion, is fortunate, for the area of "techniques" is admittedly the only one that the library school has mastered. Nor does this program necessarily imply the immediate abolishment of library schools. It does imply the eventual and almost complete abolishment of them as they now exist. For intellectual content would in time supplant the vocational, and out of the metamorphosis would emerge a curriculum worthy of recognition on the only ground that any professional curriculum deserves recognition — intellectual content. Moreover, from the school would be graduated sociologist-librarians, scientist-librarians, historian-librarians, economist-librarians — scholar-librarians all of whom would take their rightful places as educators in the hierarchy of learning.

The librarian ought to be the intellectual leader of his campus or community. To him everyone should be able to turn for educational guidance. He cannot be an ordinary person and be effective. His position should, therefore, be an esteemed one. It was in this spirit that Cotton des Houssayes told the General Assembly of the Sorbonne in 1780 that "your librarian" should have "an exact and precise knowledge of all the arts and sciences . . . and that exquisite politeness which conciliates the affection of his visitors while his merit secures their esteem."

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Is this too much to ask? Not if one thinks of the whole library staff as a composite librarian, intellectually superimposed, as it were, one member upon another. Each is master of techniques in kind and quantity necessary to his specific tasks. Above that, each is intellectually competent in a chosen field of learning. Upon the foundation laid in his undergraduate study, perhaps, and made solid in his library education, each continually builds as a scholar. Multiply this by five, by ten, by fifty — and the school or the college library staff, small or large, becomes the "Associate Faculty"; that of the public library, the community's teaching corps. Together they form the first line of offense in today's most serious production problem — intellectual rearmament. When this is done, there will be no question about the librarian's meriting esteem, nor will there be fear for the inherited culture of America entrusted to his care.

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IN THE WORKSHOP

Literature in American Education

THE fault with German education in the last century was that it produced men who liked books." *Also sprach Zarathustra!* for this was a statement made by Hitler in *Mein Kempf*. In the educational program established by the Hitler government, no such foolish mistake was made. Hitler's fear of the influence of reading, which led to the Burning of the Books, had a sound basis. As Milton has said better than any other, books are *not* dead things, but potent and dangerous; "they are as lively, and as vigorously productive as those fabulous dragon's teeth; and being sown up and down, may chance to spring up armed men." The conquest of totalitarian Germany will come about through "armed men" who have grown up to love books, not fear them, and to use their potencies for good.

Among many encouraging signs that the postwar world will be different from that following the Armistice are reports of various commissions, which have been working behind the scenes, without publicity, usually without financial remuneration, preparing plans for the world after the war. Unfortunately these reports seldom come to the attention of intelligent laymen.

One such report, which merits the attention of those who believe that nations are made strong, not weak, by men who "like books" is *Literature in American Education*, recently published by the Commission on Trends of Education of the Modern Language Association. The paper is a companion to an earlier *Language Study in American Education*, prepared under the auspices of the same association. Written by Professor Howard Lowry of Princeton University, the report on literature is a contribution to the "literature" it discusses. The editor of THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR offers the readers a brief digest of some of its sections.

When in the autumn of 1940 Ernest Hemingway published *For Whom the Bell Tolls*, he accomplished one thing which he had not anticipated — an unprecedented "run" on bookshops for the works of John Donne. Reviewers and readers alike were strangely moved as they read the words facing the first page, a quotation from Donne's *Devotions* of 1623, one of the briefest and most cogent arguments against isolationism. Hemingway did much for Donne, but Donne did much for Hemingway, for his words "gave to the novel a universal significance that it could otherwise scarcely have obtained." Novel-readers made both Donne and Hemingway "best sellers." At the announcement that the book was to be made into a moving-picture, there was nationwide speculation

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about proper actors for Jordan, Pilar, Maria. "Surely," Professor Lowry says, "there must have been somebody who wondered — who should play John Donne?"

For Whom the Bell Tolls is "a tocsin to teachers of English literature," for, as "Donne animated the already vital Hemingway" so Donne and other "classics" may equally affect the average man, giving him understanding beyond himself of the "mystery and terror, the triumphs and exasperations that are his lot." The response of an enthusiastic public serves to indicate how a "single magic clause" in a dead author may still affect men and women who "discover" an author through a chance quotation. (The "run" on Donne might have been still greater, we may add, if Mr. Churchill had suggested that one source for his phrase "blood, sweat, and tears" may have been in a poem written by that same poet-divine.)

Too late for Professor Lowry's report another curious item comes to the editorial desk. More than one public library reports an unprecedented demand for Milton's works. Why Milton? they ask. Teachers know that Milton always comes into his own in periods of war and reconstruction. Living through Civil War, devoting his strength and giving his eyesight in his middle years to problems of reconstruction, Milton always returns with the power of his own "two-handed engine" when war changes the world. Since the first World War, Milton, too, has had his "little day," as popular novelists have turned to him for titles and themes. Witness only such titles as *Precious Bane*, *All Passion Spent*, *Look Homeward*, *Angel*, *Fame Is the Spur*, *Eyeless in Gaza*.

The "ancients" enrich the "moderns" who in turn repay their debt. Hitler sought to deprive his countrymen of a great inheritance in their own language as well as in others. *Literature in American Education* offers a salutary corrective to German attitudes, but it also points out dangerous tendencies in prewar education in America, which, even without ulterior political motives, might if continued rob the next generation of its heritage. Various forces in education, powerful immediately before the war, were conspiring to remove literary classics from high schools and radically reduce the attention given to them in colleges. "The curricula of our schools and colleges," says Professor Lowry, "have been made a kind of 'hobby-lobby.' . . . We bestow academic credit upon mental activities once regarded merely as pleasant forms of conversation. We have concocted an endless Christmas morning, in which both teachers and pupils rush from one bright novelty to another beneath the shining educational tree." Some of this "bustle" is without any educational value. A certain amount has been legitimate restlessness, inevitable in American education, faced as it has been with "new specializations," the rapid growth of both the natural and the social sciences, and other demands of modern life.

On quite different grounds, the study of literature has been opposed by some who approach education with

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political and economic prejudices. Humane letters, they say, are not "democratic" but "aristocratic" — in the worst sense of that abused word. Since books are the possession of the "few," down with books! The perverseness of such logic would be amusing were it not too serious for laughter. Since the invention of the printing press, books and the power to read them, have increasingly become the possession of the "many." Great free libraries in America make them readily available even to the small number who cannot afford to own books in the cheap reprinted editions so common today.

With prejudices quite different, yet as powerful, other groups of educators have opposed literature in education because of their own constant emphasis on "self expression" and "creative activity" as the only ends of the study of English. When they admit books, they do so grudgingly, with the provisio that reading must be solely in contemporary literature, in books "linked with life" — implying, it would seem, that authors now dead were never alive, that only in this "modern" age have men lived and loved, suffered and fought, despaired and triumphed.

Literature in American Education is not a "defense," for literature needs no defense in free countries. It is a confession of faith, a survey of the best that has been thought and said about literature in education by men who know that a free world will not willingly let die classics, ancient or modern. "To doubt that literature should have a high place in the education of mankind is to apologize for the very nature of man himself. He has always turned to drama, poetry, fiction, and many forms of prose as sources of instruction, inspiration, or delight. He will continue to do so in the years to come."

The author reminds us of various "values" of literature, all familiar, yet too frequently forgotten by many of us who take reading for granted. These we must omit. Yet one thing we should remember: it is from general reading, rather than from technical philosophical and theological works, that most men and women derive their own values of "good" and "evil," "better" and "worse." In moments of choice and crisis we are conditioned largely by unconscious memories of poetry, drama, novels, essays which have influenced us. "Theories of value" as abstractions are the province of the philosopher. "Literature offers the living example of events and characters in action." It is literature that comes back to us in joy and sorrow. During periods of war, when joy and sorrow tread rapidly upon each other's heels, we need the consolations of literature even more than the consolation of philosophy. Today we enter into our heritage more fully than ever, and should more sharply oppose those who, like Hitler, would offer for our birthright a mess of pottage.

In spite of Hitler, and in spite of various "educators," we will continue to read. "We cannot escape the effects of reading upon all of us." We are swamped by "letters," which we see in the headlines of newspapers, in

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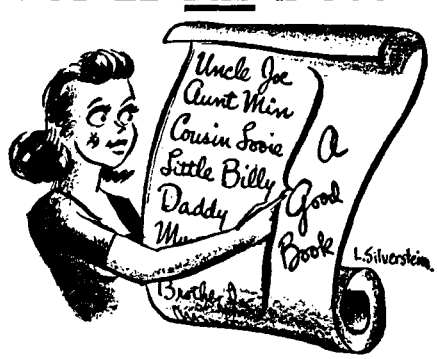
billboards, in neon lights — even in soup! "This depressing tyranny of print, with its triviality and galling repetition is one of the burdens of modern life. . . . By native genius, some men can penetrate this mass of print. For the majority, however, some training in literary values, not too hastily acquired, is the prerequisite of knowing when to read fast, and when to read slow, or when not to read at all."

For good or ill, the vast majority of men and women in America have been given the ability to read, and read they will, if only the headlines, the advertisements and placards of "general information" in the subways, or the "comics," whose power will be denied by no one who reads Mr. Marston's article in this issue. The question is not: Shall we read? It is rather: What shall we read? and, again: How shall we read it? The answer depends in large part on what literature is taught in schools and colleges, and how students learn to read and understand it. Herein lies the responsibility of education for the future. *Literature in American Education* places clearly before us the duty of both parents and teachers to find secure place in the curricula of American schools and colleges for "the best that has been thought and said." Mere ability to read is not enough.

Our own conclusions may be phrased in still other quotations than those which enrich Professor Lowry's report. Shakespeare's Caliban had been given what we like to call "the gift of language"; he was taught to speak, and to communicate his impressions and opinions — with what result? "You taught me language, and my profit on't is — I know how to curse." Language and literature, as Milton said, are not *dead* things, but potent, alive, and possibly dangerous. They may be used for good or ill. The development of modern education in America has put great powers into the hands of the "many," not the "few." The "values" of reading, of which so much is said, may be good or bad. With our freedom to read what we will goes responsibility of a kind unknown to those who live under totalitarian theories of education. A Spanish proverb, which Emerson liked to use, and which has been brought back into our language by certain modern novelists puts the matter succinctly: "What will you have? quoth God. Take it — and pay for it."

M. H. N.

"BUT HE HAS A BOOK"



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OUR READERS COMMENT

On "The Plight of the American Composer"

It is difficult for us to follow the reasoning of Alfred Frankenstein in the article which appears in the current issue of THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR, called "The Plight of the American Composer."

Mr. Frankenstein seems to believe that the American composer is not properly and proportionately represented on orchestra programs in this country. But the facts which he provides contradict him.

The Times had occasion, eight years ago, to make a tabulation of the season's repertory of the leading symphony orchestras of the country. It then developed that there was the same predominance of American compositions as compared with the number of works by contemporaneous composers of other nations that had been heard. There is no reason to believe that the American is worse off today than he was then. The case, in fact, is the contrary. In the intervening period developments have been very favorable to the native composer.

Certain symphony orchestras make a special practice of native music. Mr. Sevitsky in Indianapolis puts the American composer on every program. In Rochester under Howard Hanson festivals of American manuscript compositions are held periodically.

Most of the leading orchestras have in their turn done very well by the native son. It is true that the Philharmonic-Symphony was for years almost entirely neglectful of new American music and that Toscanini was the most oblivious of all conductors of its interest, but last year, with the NBC Symphony Orchestra, he was giving American programs, and brilliantly interpreting native music. Dr. Rodzinski's institution of reading rehearsals of music of young American-born or resident composers is Philharmonic-Symphony history of the most recent.

One is moved to ask what, or who, is important in American music that remains neglected or unknown. We believe that conductors and audiences, and, upon our honor, the music critics, would warmly welcome and acclaim such information. There was never such a market for American music, or, we consider, such distinguished consideration, courtesy — yes, and flattery too — extended the young composer who holds out so much as a hope of having something to say.

And that is well. What we need equally is a refusal to accept experiments as masterpieces, or be less insistent upon thoroughness and accomplishment in matters of art than we are when we build a bridge, a truck, or a plane. As a nation we are not supposed to be in love with self-deception or ineffectiveness, to say nothing of higher qualities and greater truths than these, and we shall not scale Olympus by empty assertion, or specious excuses for immature or second class production.

OLIN DOWNES

Condensed from Mr. Downes's criticism, "Status of Our Composers," published in The New York Times, *October 24, 1943.*

To the Editor: I have read with interest Alfred Frankenstein's essay on the subject "The Plight of the American Composer." It is a matter that concerns everyone who believes that our native creators should have as great and frequent opportunities for production as their European colleagues. It is necessary to keep reminding our major conductors — nearly all foreign-born — that both courtesy and artistic justice demand program representation for our home composers. Mr. Frankenstein's championship in the cause is especially valuable because of his sincerity and his high standing as a writer on music.

LEONARD LIEBLING
Editor, Musical Courier

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Our Authors

IRWIN EDMAN, teacher, poet, and writer, has been a member of THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR'S Editorial Board since 1939. He is a professor of philosophy at Columbia, a book editor for the *Journal of Philosophy*, and is the author of some dozen books, the most recent of which is *Fountainheads of Freedom* (1941).

BERTRAND RUSSELL, internationally famous philosopher and teacher, is the author of such diverse studies as *The Analysis of Mind* (1921), *Marriage and Morals* (1929), *Which Way to Peace?* (1936), *Education and the Social Order* (1932), and *In Praise of Idleness* (1935). Beginning his career as a fellow and lecturer at Trinity College, Cambridge, Mr. Russell has been Lowell lecturer at Harvard, professor of philosophy at the National University, Peking, lecturer at the University of Chicago, and professor of philosophy at the University of California, Los Angeles.

A teacher at Cornell University since 1919, HOWARD B. ADELMANN is now professor of histology and embryology there. *The Embryological Treatises of Hieronymus Fabricius of Aquapendente*, a translation of Fabricius' *De formato foetu* and *De formatione ovi et pulli*, with notes and commentary by Professor Adelmann has recently been published. "The Fence" was delivered as an address before the Cornell Chapter of Phi Beta Kappa.

Associate professor of English, tutor in the department of English, and member of the board of freshman advisers at Harvard, THEODORE SPENCER is almost equally well-known as teacher, critic, and poet. His Lowell Lectures, given in Boston in 1941–42 and recently published under the title, *Shakespeare and the Nature of Man*, have been highly praised by critics and scholars.

WILLIAM MOULTON MARSTON is the discoverer of the systolic blood pressure test for deception (the only such test admitted as evidence in American courts); he originated a new theory of primary emotions and the psychonic theory of consciousness; he was the first psychologist to apply measurement of emotions to audience reactions in motion picture production and to devise a method for testing consumers' response to commercial products. Further, this Phi Beta Kappa, Ph.D., and LL.B. from Harvard is a member of the Massachusetts bar, the author of eight books and scores of articles in America's leading magazines, and has taught psychology at Radcliffe,

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Columbia, Tufts, and the University of Southern California.

Before coming to this country in 1937 WALTER SULZBACH lived in Germany, where he was an investment banker and a professor of sociology and economics at the University of Frankfort. He has travelled extensively in Europe and in Central Africa, has published a number of books and articles in German and in English, and is now associate professor of social economics at the Claremont Colleges. Professor Sulzbach's book on *Democracy and Economic Liberty* will be published in the near future.

JOHN ERSKINE, noted author, teacher, and musician, was until 1937 President of the Julliard School of Music in New York City. A founding member of THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR'S Editorial Board, Mr. Erskine followed his years of service with a number of contributions to the magazine, the most recent of which was "England and the English-Speaking People" (Spring 1942). The current article is based upon an address given by Mr. Erskine last spring before the Mount Holyoke Chapter of Phi Beta Kappa.

A Guggenheim Fellow in 1936 to study housing and planning in Scandinavia and Russia, CATHERINE BAUER was later (1937–39) with the U. S. Housing Authority as Director of Research and Information. Now she is a Consultant to the Federal Housing Authority, Vice-President of the National Housing Conference, and is working on a study of land, cities, and housing in the United States to be published as *The Politics of Planning*. Miss Bauer is also the author of *Modern Housing*, published by Houghton Mifflin in 1935.

ALBERT GUÉRARD, a teacher in American colleges since 1906, has most recently been professor of general literature at Stanford University and since September 1942 has been attached to the French Section of the Office of War Information. The author of more than a dozen books, Dr. Guérard has recently published a study entitled *Napoleon III* and is now at work on a book, *Europe, Free and United*, for which THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR article "is almost a prospectus." Other AMERICAN SCHOLAR articles by Dr. Guérard are "Confessions of an Unrepentant Wilsonian" (Autumn 1940) and "International Language and National Cultures" (Spring 1941).

LOUIS ISRAEL DUBLIN has been a statistician with the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company since 1911 and its Third Vice-President since 1931. He is also a lecturer on vital statistics at Yale and the author and editor of many books, monographs, papers, and addresses on vital statistics and public health.

W. STANLEY HOOLE, Librarian and Director of the Department of Library Service at North Texas State Teachers College, Denton, is a native of South Carolina and holds the A.B., A.M., B.S. in L.S., and Ph.D. degrees. After earning the doctorate in English from Duke University, he attended the Graduate Library School of the University of Chicago as a General Education Board Fellow. He is the author of *Charleston Periodicals* (1936) and has recently completed *A History of Ante-Bellum Charleston Theatres* under a grant-in-aid from the Rockefeller Foundation. His articles have appeared in scholarly and popular journals and magazines.

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